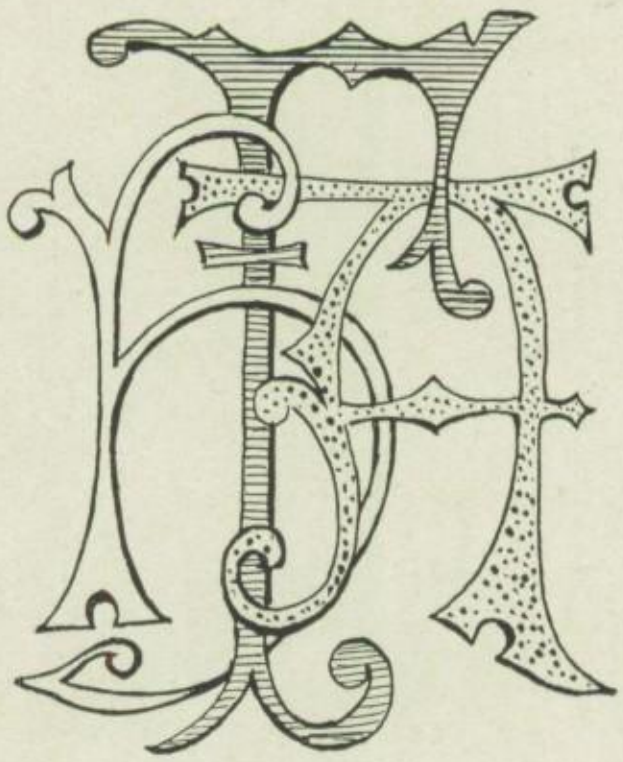
Seniors' Annual

Class of '28

The Senior's Annual

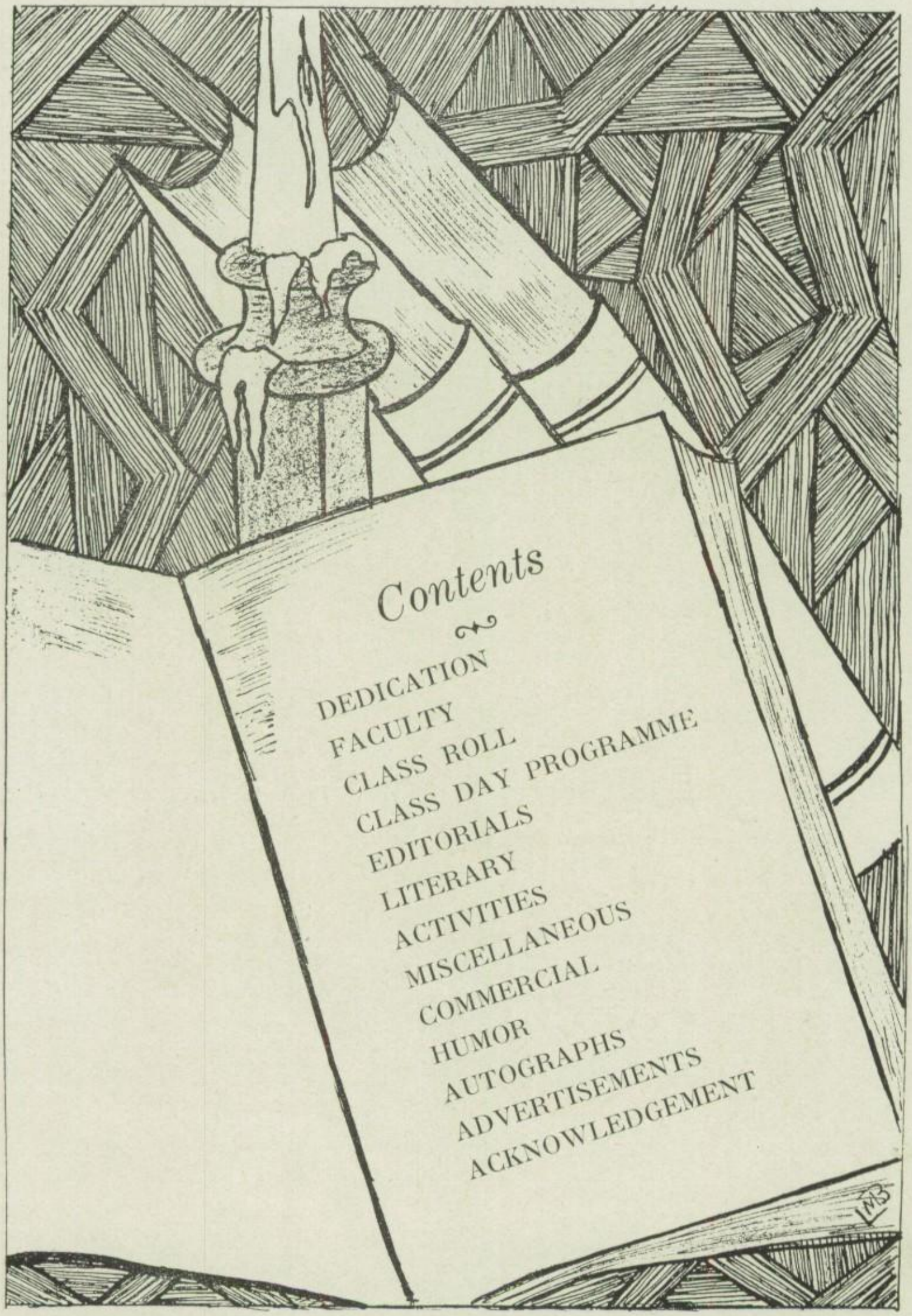
Class of '28



Holy Family Academy

1444 West Division Street, Chicago, Ill.

Heilige Familie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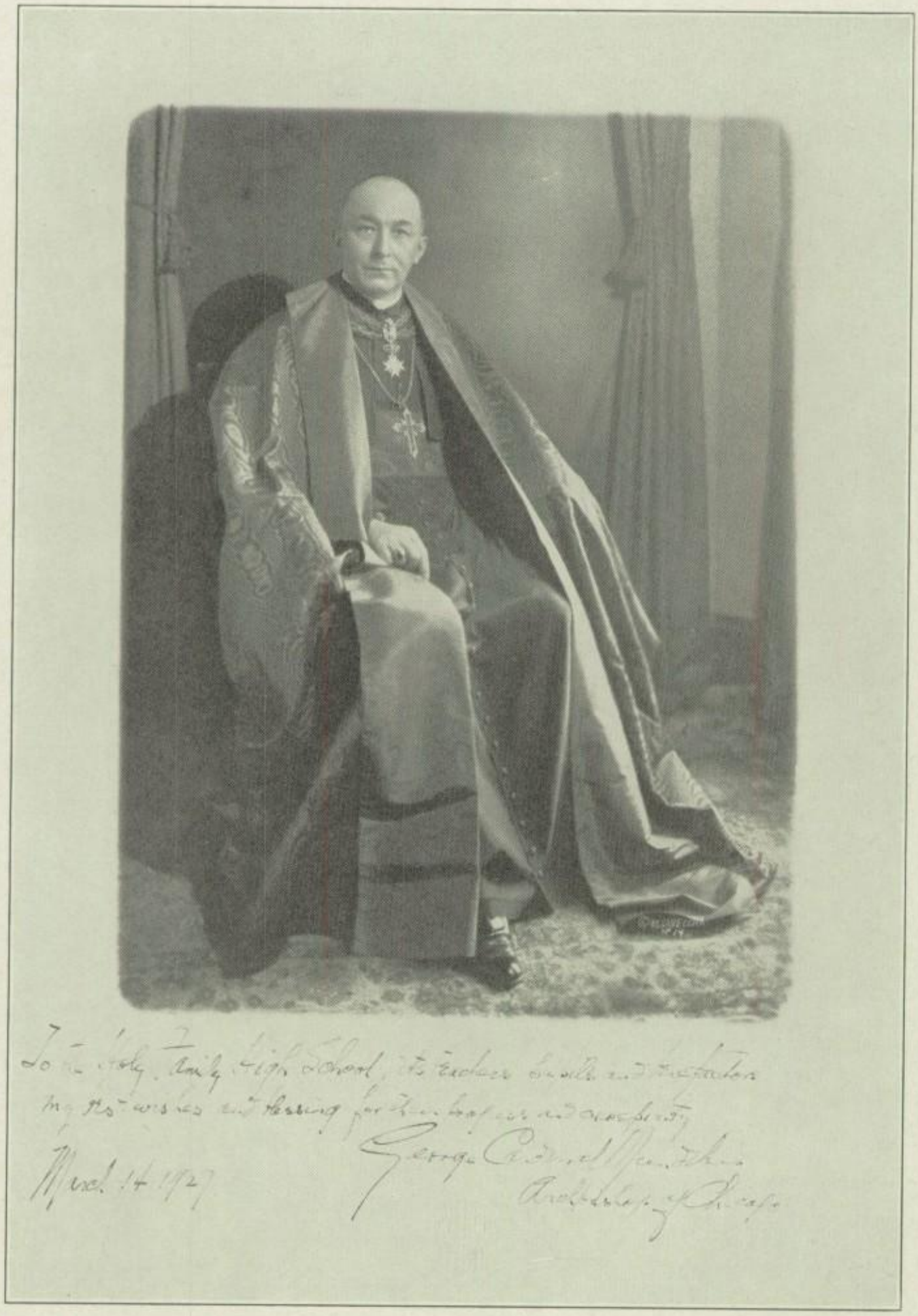
Dedication

To Our Beloved Parents, Rev. Mother Superior and to the Entire Faculty as a token of Gratitude we respectfully and lovingly dedicate this fifth issue of

The Senior's Annual

::: of 1928 :::


To the Holy Family High School, its teachers, pupils and benefactors
my best wishes and blessing for their progress and prosperity
March 14 1927
George Cardinal Mundelein
Archbishop of Chicago

FACULTY

Rev. Mother M. Gonzaga,
Superior.

Sister M. Severine,
Principal.

Sister M. Liguori
Sister M. Basila
Sister M. Amabilis
Sister M. Liliosa
Sister M. Theophane
Sister M. Lucille
Rev. Paul Rączaszek
Mr. Joseph Przydatek
Miss Buelah E. Muehlhausen
Miss Bernice Rice
Miss Helen C. Froehlke

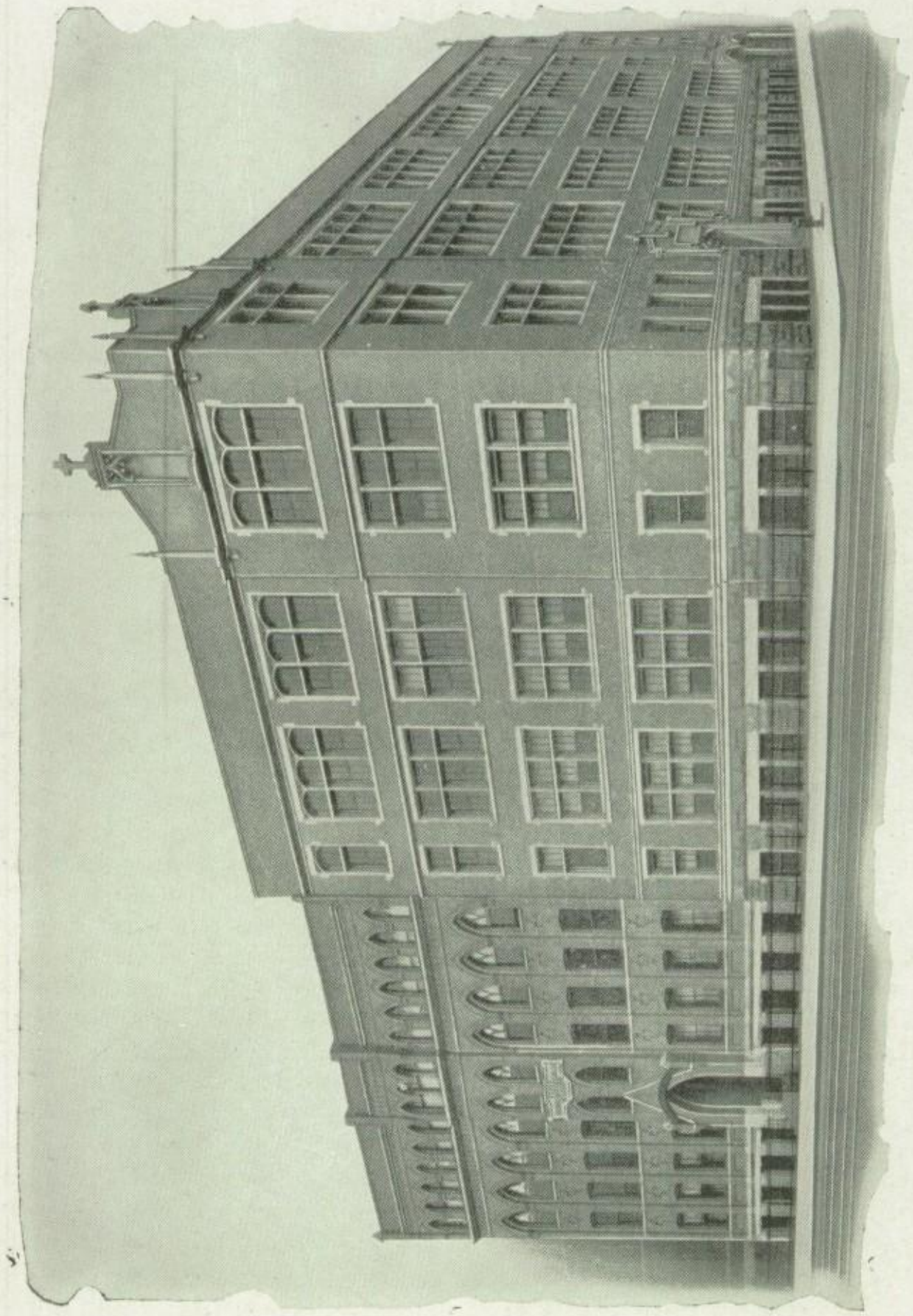
Commercial Dep't.

Sister M. Frances
Sister M. Pia
Sister M. Bernice

MISS BUELAH MUEHLHAUSEN
Instructor of Gymnastics.

MISS BERNICE RICE
Instructor of Swimming
Day School.

MISS HELEN FROEHLKE
Instructor of Swimming
Evening Classes.



Holy Family Academy

THE HOLY FAMILY ACADEMY.

This magnificent temple of learning, the Holy Family High School, is conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Family of Nazareth.

This High School comprises a really wonderful set of departments, each so important that one depends upon the other. The school is designed to qualify young women to fill happily and with justice to themselves and others, the position destined for them by Divine Providence. It is with bewilderment that one looks at the educational advantages enjoyed by the youth of today.

The education given at the Holy Family High School is practical solid and refined. It embraces all that is comprehended by the term education — the development of the moral, intellectual and physical powers of the student. The Holy Family High School not only endeavors to give the girls entrusted to its charge and education, but it also aims to develop a delicacy of feeling and appreciation, of the good and the beautiful, and that elegance and simplicity of manner so essential to cultured women.

Education now-a-days, especially in the High School, means complete mental and physical development in their application to all callings of life represented in work and play. These two, work and play, must go hand in hand, for, as sleep is necessary to restore strength of mind and body, so is play necessary to balance the day's work of a growing youth.

The new building is the pride of the Sisters of Nazareth and their friends. The entire building is fireproof. The spacious auditorium, with regular stage equipment, moving picture booth, and gallery, is also found in the same building. What wonderful enjoyment for both the scholars and the teachers to have such a place in which to work and play! Below the Auditorium is the Natatorium, fully equipped, with a tile pool, floor and wall; complete dressing rooms and showers, and also, a public gallery for exhibitions. Both the Auditorium and the Natatorium have special separate entrances from the street, which in no way interfere with the use of either; also separately accessible, is the beautiful, commodious Chapel with an organ and choir gallery. One would think that each of these features of Chapel, Auditorium, and Natatorium received special attention and study over all the rest, so complete and ornate is the work in each; similar care is depicted throughout the entire edifice.

The corridors are lined with light pressed brick. The stairs are unusually spacious; in fact each detail received mature thought, even to the cleaning of the windows, which can be done with ease from within.

The Curriculum of studies offered in each department is complete and well-planned. No graduate need undergo further instruction or take an examination before entering a higher institution of learning. The Holy Family High School is a recognized member of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. It is accredited to the University of Illinois, De Paul University and other higher institutions.

HELP THE CAUSE OF THE HOLY FAMILY CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL.

The sum of one thousand dollars will educate a girl in perpetuity. The interest accrued yearly on this amount will be applied toward the tuition of a student who in personal character and scholarly ability will reflect honor upon the school. Gifts of smaller sums toward foundations will be added to a general fund leading to new scholarships. The foundation of such a scholarship would be a fitting memorial to a father and mother who made a sacrifice that a daughter might have the great blessing of a Catholic education.

Make donations of books for the library. A list of titles suitable for the library of the Holy Family High School may be had on application.

Help furnish the Auditorium, the Chapel, Parlor etc. List of donors giving five hundred dollars or over will be tabulated in the lobby of the new Holy Family High School.

Accredited to the State University of Illinois
and holds Membership in the North Central Association
of Secondary Schools.

BUDYNEK WYŻSZEJ SZKOŁY NAJŚW. RODZINY.

Gmach naszej Wyższej Szkoły daje wymarzone pojęcie tego, czem nowoczesna Wyższa Szkoła powinna być. Jest on więc urzeczywistnieniem marzeń. Wprawdzie byłyśmy początkowo w trwodze, że trudno nam będzie wywiązać się z zadania z powodu bardzo ograniczonego terenu, tudzież potrzeby połączenia starego gmachu z nowym w jedną harmonijną całość, jednak celu dopełniłyśmy.

Cóż bowiem może być bardziej harmonijnego, jak plan gdzie kaplica, audytorjum i kąpielnia, aczkolwiek zupełnie oddzielone od Szkoły Wyższej i umieszczone na różnych piętrach, stanowią z tą szkołą jedną całość i mogą być używane niezależnie jedno od drugiego, albo też razem.

Godne uwagi są szerokie schody wejściowe, prowadzące do obszernych korytarzy, oświetlone z góry naturalnym światłem dziennem.

Główne wejście otaczają pokoje dla przyjęć i duży pokój, który zamiast nazwy „Alumnae“ powinien być nazwany raczej salą słoneczną, gdyż cała ta sala jest poprostu skąpana w słońcu. Zresztą większość sal, jak bibljoteka, klasy, gabinet biologiczny itp., są zwrócone na wschód i południe, więc wszystkie są słoneczne.

Smiemy twierdzić, że bardziej praktycznej Szkoły Wyższej w naszem mieście niema. Słusznie przeto czujemy się dumne z naszych laboratorjów, sali domowej wiedzy, czytelni, klas, bibljoteki, itd. Nasz gmach ogniotrwały 187 stóp długi i 125 stóp szeroki o czterech piętrach, może pomieścić 525 studentek, w klasach, 260 studentek w laboratorjach, albo innemi słowi 785 studentek razem. Wszystkich pokoi w budynku jest 60, nie włączając w to kaplicy z 400 siedzeniami. Audytorjum i galerja mieszczą 600 siedzeń, oprócz tego kąpielnia z basenem 40 stóp przez 60 z garderobami, szafkami na ubrania i prysznicami. Jest tam także specjalne, obszerne pomieszczenie na Kotły do centralnego ogrzewania, skład na węgle, magazyn, skład maszynerji, osobne miejsce dla maszyn wentylacyjnych, filtrowania i miejsce dla dezynfekcji.

Z wymienionych szczegółów w naszej Szkole Wyższej — można sobie wyobrazić całość tej wspaniałej instytucji bez dalszego wymieniania wielu innych drobniejszych, nie mniej jednak ważnych od przytoczonych.

Plan budynku Szkoły Wyższej Najśw. Rodziny daje dobre świadectwo architekcie panu Henrykowi J. Schlaksowi. Wiele uznania również należy się budowniczym tego wspaniałego budynku a mianowicie korporacji budowniczej nazwą "Local Construction" z prezydentem Feliksem Mondrowskim na czele i Kasjerem Józefem Markiewiczem.

Seniors of '28

FAICOM CLUB
(Faithful Comrades)

Class Motto — "True to the End".
Class Colors — White and Gold.
Class Flower — Daisy.

CLASS ROLL.

Busse, Lucille M.
Cwiklinska, Estelle T.
Czwalinski, Lillian A.
Gewartowska, Charlotte C.
Grzeskowiak, Kathryn T.
Juzonis, Harriet M.
Karwasinski, Jeannette F.
Kleczewski, Mildred L.
Kutza, Anna F.
Lewandowska, Clothilde A.
Poskoczym, Annette T.
Preyss, Adeline M.
Roszkowska, Ann F.
Rybakowicz, Victoria B.
Scibiorski, Priscilla N.
Skarbek, Louise M.
Ulanowska, Olga F.
Zielinska, Harriette M.

Good Luck Victoria
I hope you'll never
forget me
Lucille

LUCILLE M. BUSSE

"Lulu" the possessor of a number of names has one perfect trait of arguing most affectively and as she does go along the words flow smoothly without any help of Mr. Webster. We hope she will be successful in publishing her dictionary which we are positive will not be a difficult task. Only best success lies in wait for you Lulu.

ESTELLE T. CWIKLINSKA

To our "Baby" we heartily wish all the luck in the world. Secretary to the President of the United States you someday surely will be; size makes no difference. Baby is true to the proverb that: "Good things come in small parcels".

Victoria dear,
Heaps of love and
Loads of luck is what I
wish for your Lill.

LILLIAN A. CZWALINSKA

Lillian is one of the light blondes. She is just the type of a true blonde. Everything she has must be perfect and dainty or not at all. The clothes she wears are usually the very latest out. She has simplicity, yet, good taste.

She is patterning herself after a very good example, who is a girl with a five letter name, and not attending our school. Name on request.

CHARLOTTE C. GEWARTOWSKA

"Charley's" motto seems to be "Better late than never", the world hurries along but never Charley. Nevertheless, she has a great hand for business, and will bring credit to her class in the future years.

Loads of luck,
"Charley"

Although I didn't see you I wish you luck success, happiness in your future. Kathryn. Kats.

KATHRYN GRZEŚKOWIAK

Success is hers! Kats has been a bright student — so much, so that she fairly glows. It seems inevitable that Kathryn will come to great fortune some day — she is so economical! Bon voyage, Katy.

HARRIET JUZONIS

Is there any one else that could make a better friend than our Harriette? Of course not! She's 'Johnny-on-the-spot' when you need sympathy and believe in telling everyone to count ten before losing one's temper. Good Luck "Hats".

Success Hats J. Juzonis

JEANETTE F. KARWASIŃSKA

Could anybody be more charming? Jean is always there to cheer you. We may truthfully say Jean is a perfect picture of modesty and a true Miss, for not once will you hear her brag or boast of her beautiful big eyes. No Jean, it isn't necessary, we know — and wish you great success.

MILDRED L. KLECZEWSKA

Millie deserves to be called a regular girl. Though the three years that Millie has been with us, she has not once quarreled or interfered into anybody's business. "Mind your own business" was her motto.

ANNA KUTZA

"Nina" our dear classmate is both a philosopher and scientist combined. Have you ever read "Snow Shoe Al" in the 'Trib' well our "Nina" can transcribe fairy stories into modern language just as well as he. You will succeed wherever you go.

CLOTHILDE LEWANDOWSKA

"Cleo" is composed of the best material. She has two sides to herself. One is, being serious at the correct time, the other, being humorous at the right time. "Never forget a smile, will go a long way, Cleo".

My best wishes
Annette. Poskoczym

ANNETTE T. POSKOCZYM

It is frequently said that good students are not good athletes; Annette is one of the best scholars and also proves to be an athlete. We the student body wish you good luck and prosperity.

ADELINE M. PREYSS

"Adds" our honorable class president came into this kingdom two years ago, bringing with herself musical ambitions; her talents together with her eagerness will win her greater honors than those attained by our genius Paderewski.

ANN F. ROSZKOWSKA

"XR" hails from Royalton, Illinois. Art, art is all you hear and see wherever Ann is. Her heart and soul are set on it. No doubt she will reach the height of another Rembrandt.

VICTORIA B. RYBAKOWICZ

"Wikcia" is endowed with a gift of cheerfulness and is always ready to chase away Mr. Gloom. Crane and dentistry are her ambitions. With her departure she takes away all the pleasant teasings. Good luck.

PRISCILLA N. SCIBIORSKA

Priscilla's chief amusement and art (for indeed, she is great at it) is mimicking someone or demonstrating something. Someday she will be very successful if she follows in that line. She has the gift of acting in any way she wishes to. She can vary the expressions on her face as easily as snapping a finger. It is really something to be grateful for. May it be useful.

LOUISE SKARBEK

"Curly" is a proud possessor of a beautiful natural wave which has been envied by one and all "Curly" has started swimming and does work quite hard; have hopes you may yet swim the channel.

I wish you happiness and success and all your wishes come true.
Olga

OLGA ULANOWSKA

"Ollie" always dignified at the proper moment and place. Olga's stability and faith in friendship, despite the fact that she has had to suffer thereby brands her character as invaluable. You're there Olga.

HARRIETTE M. ZIELINSKA

Harriette is that other lovely blonde girl who get's rather peeved if anyone says anything against blondes. She is a very good sticker, is she not? Although a blonde, she has a rare combination of brown eyes. Not many natural blondes have it.

Dear Victoria,
I wish you luck
in all your enterprises.
With Love,
Harriette Zielinski

Commercial Department

Class Motto

Trust in God and do the right.

Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its ends far out of sight;
Foot it bravely — strong or weary; —
Trust in God, and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man and look above thee,
Trust in God, and do the right.

B. L.

ESTHER ADAMOWSKA
"Honey"

Motto: "Smile and your troubles will fade away".
Ambition: Private Secretary
Favorite Author: Barbaur
Favorite Lesson: Typewriting.

PEARL BART
"Giggles"

Motto: "No Victory Without Labor".
Ambition: Secretary
Favorite Author: Shakespeare
Favorite Lesson: Typewriting.

FRANCES BLAZEJEWSKA
"Fanny"

Motto: "We live in Deeds not Years".
Ambition: Stenographer
Favorite Author: Longfellow
Favorite Lesson: Typewriting.

LILLIAN CHMIELEWSKA
"Lil"

Motto: "Labor, — all Labor is Noble and Holy".
Ambition: High School Teacher
Favorite Author: Lillian Garis
Favorite Lesson: English.

STELLA FUGIEL
"Jolly"

Motto: "To Say Well is Good, but To Do Well is Better".
Ambition: Private Secretary
Favorite Author: Lillian Garis
Favorite Lesson: Shorthand.

ROSE GDOWSKA
"Jerry"

Motto: "One For All and All For One".
Ambition: Private Secretary
Favorite Author: E. H. Porter
Favorite Lesson: Typewriting.

FLORENCE JANOWIAK
"Billy"

Motto: "One For All and All For One".
Ambition: Private Secretary
Favorite Author: E. Wallace
Favorite Lesson: Typewriting.

WANDA JAWOR
"Babe"

Motto: "No Victory Without Labor".
Ambition: Stenographer
Favorite Author: T. Bailey
Favorite Lesson: Bookkeeping.

STEPHANIE JEKOT
"Shakespeare"

Motto: "Forward Ever, Backward Never".
Ambition: Business Executive
Favorite Author: I. Clarke
Favorite Lesson: Bookkeeping.

HELEN KROL
"Big Eyes"

Motto: "Charms Strike the Sight, but Merit wins the Soul".
Ambition: Stenographer
Favorite Author: Allen Porter
Favorite Lesson: Shorthand.

HARRIET KROLEWCZYK
"Haisy"

Motto: "One For All and All For One".
Ambition: Stenographer
Favorite Author: C. Dicksons
Favorite Lesson: Typewriting.

SOPHIE KOSOBUCKA
"Scotty"

Motto: "One For All and All For One".
Ambition: Secretary
Favorite Author: C. Wells
Favorite Lesson: Shorthand.

LORRAINE KRZYMINSKA
"Lory"

Motto: "Paddle Your Own Canoe".
Ambition: Secretary
Favorite Author: C. Dickens
Favorite Lesson: Typewriting.

BEATRICE LEFEBVRE
"Sunny"

Motto: "Charms Strike the Sight, but Merit Wins the Soul".
Ambition: Writer
Favorite Author: Alcott
Favorite Lesson: English.

EMILY LEPIANKA
"Mil"

Motto: "Wisdom Gained by Experience is of inestimable Value".
Ambition: Private Secretary
Favorite Author: Mark Twain
Favorite Lesson: Bookkeeping.

FLORENCE MARCHEWKA
"Flo"

Motto: "Perseverance Always Wins".
Ambition: Bookkeeper
Favorite Author: Longfellow
Favorite Lesson: Bookkeeping.

HELEN MAREK
"Shorty"

Motto: "Success Comes in Cans, Failure in Can'ts"
Ambition: Bookkeeper
Favorite Author: Father Finn
Favorite Lesson: Bookkeeping.

MARIE MOLL
"Lindy"

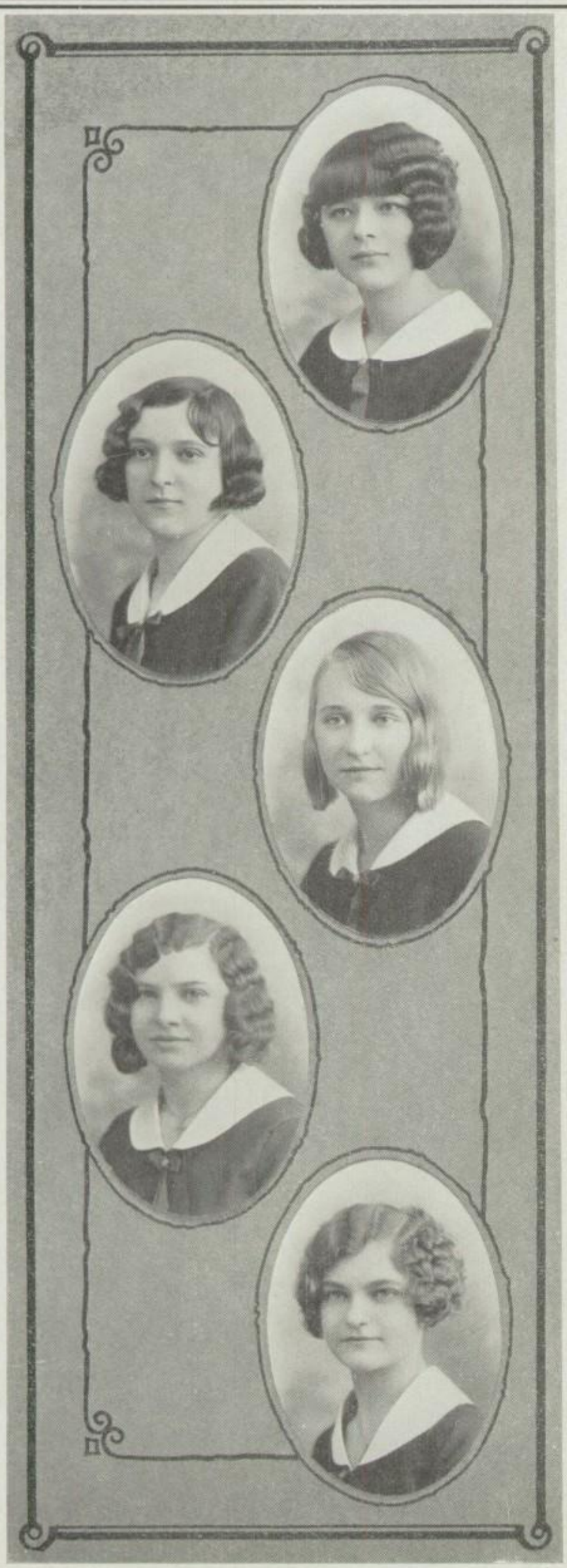
Motto: "Climb Tho the Rocks be Rugged".
Ambition: Teacher
Favorite Author: Father Finn
Favorite Lesson: English.

BERNICE MYTYS
"Dignified"
(Class Secretary)

Motto: "To the Greater Glory of God".
Ambition: Private Secretary
Favorite Author: Lillian Garis
Favorite Lesson: Shorthand.

JOSEPHINE MUSUR
"Jo"

Motto: "Where there's a will, there's a way".
Ambition: Private Secretary
Favorite Author: Father Finn
Favorite Lesson: Bookkeeping.



HELEN NOWICKA
"Diane"

Motto: "Honesty is the Best Policy".
Ambition: Stenographer
Favorite Author: F. Stockton
Favorite Lesson: Shorthand.

EUGENE ODACHOWSKA
"Juney"

Motto: "Climb Slowly and Reach the Goal".
Ambition: Secretary
Favorite Author: Father Finn
Favorite Lesson: Shorthand.

LUCILLE POLSKI
"Dreamy"

Motto: "Truth Conquers All Things".
Ambition: Secretary
Favorite Author: E. M. Dell
Favorite Lesson: Typewriting.

JEANNETTE SIEJA
"Pep"

Motto: "The Elevator to Success is Broken, Take the Steps".
Ambition: Private Secretary
Favorite Author: A. Seaman
Favorite Lesson: Shorthand.

LILLIAN SOSKA
"Lulu"

Motto: "Life is Like a Picture, so Paint it Well".
Ambition: Private Secretary
Favorite Author: I. C. Clarke
Favorite Lesson: English.

GENEVIEVE SZYMURA
"Curly"

Motto: "To Be Rather Than To Seem".
Ambition: Pianist
Favorite Author: B. Burton
Favorite Lesson: Typewriting.

CATHERINE TADLA
"Bubbles"

Motto: "The Gate to Success is Hard Labor".
Ambition: Secretary
Favorite Author: E. E. Porter
Favorite Lesson: Shorthand.

ANNA TRAFIDLO
"Nightingale"

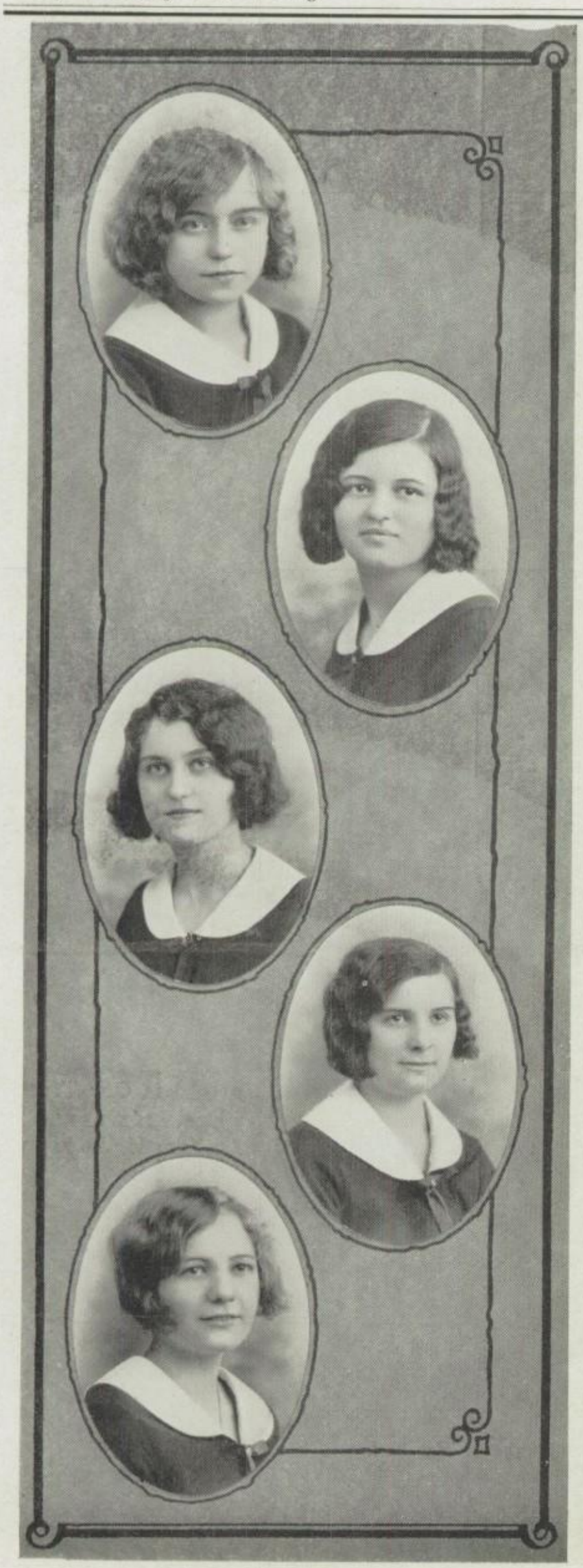
Motto: "In God is Our Trust".
Ambition: Private Secretary
Favorite Author: Father Finn
Favorite Lesson: Typewriting.

STELLA TRELA
"Stasia"

Motto: "Always Forward — Never Backward".
Ambition: Private Secretary
Favorite Author: K. Norris
Favorite Lesson: Shorthand.

LILLIAN TURLO
"Trixie"

Motto: "One For All and All For One".
Ambition: Private Secretary
Favorite Author: B. Burion
Favorite Lesson: Shorthand.



MARIE WACEK
"Blubell"

Motto: "Honesty is the Best Policy".
Ambition: Business Manager
Favorite Author: Alice L. Lee
Favorite Lesson: Shorthand.

JULIA WEGLARZ
"Jewel"

Motto: "When the Outlook is not Good, Try the Uplook".
Ambition: Private Secretary
Favorite Author: A. A. Porter
Favorite Lesson: Shorthand.

STELLA WIECH
"Breezy"
(Class Treasurer)

Motto: "Ora et Labora" — "Work and Pray".
Ambition: Bookkeeper
Favorite Author: H. Jackson
Favorite Lesson: Bookkeeping.

SOPHIE WOJCIECHOWSKA
"Frenchy"

Motto: "Actions Speak Louder than Words".
Ambition: Stenographer
Favorite Author: B. Burton
Favorite Lesson: Shorthand.

MARIE ZACZEK
"Bebe"
(Class President)

Motto: "Love many, Trust Few, always Paddle Your Own Canoe".
Ambition: Nurse
Favorite Author: C. Wells
Favorite Lesson: Shorthand.

CAROLINE ZACZEK
"Carol"

Motto: "Labor while you have time for the honor of God and the Welfare of Others".
Ambition: Stenographer
Favorite Author: Zane Grey
Favorite Lesson: Typewriting.

STELLA ZAPALA
"Blonde"

Motto: "Love Many, Trust Few".
Ambition: Secretary
Favorite Author: G. S. Porter
Favorite Lesson: Shorthand.

LUCY ZIELINSKA
"Lucia"

Motto: "Turn to God when All else Fails You".
Ambition: Stenographer
Favorite Author: Mary Lamb
Favorite Lesson: Shorthand.

HELEN ZIENCZAK
"Shy"

Motto: "In God is Our Trust".
Ambition: Bookkeeper
Favorite Author: H. Jackson
Favorite Lesson: Bookkeeping.

STEPH. ZWIERZYCHOWSKA
"Peggy"

Motto: "Paddle your Own Canoe".
Ambition: Private Secretary
Favorite Author: Zane Grey
Favorite Lesson: Shorthand.

Our Motto

JeanneTte
MildRed
LoUise
EstElle

HarrieTte
VictOria

HarrieTte
ClotHilde
AnnE

AnnEtte
AnNa
ADeline

PriScilla
CatherinE
LilliaN
Luc I lle
Olga
ChaRlotte
Seniors

C. C. G. '28

FAREWELLS

Farewell Juniors
May you be
As the Seniors
Happy as we.

Dearest Sophs
We leave you alas
Remember us
In the years that pass.

Freshies, dear
Goodbye to you
What you were
We'll be anew..

To the Commercials
We bid adieu
Forget-us-not we'll
Remember you.

C. C. G. '28

SENIORS

Top row (from left to right) A. Kutza — A. Roszkowska — A. Poskoczym — A. Preyss — C. Gewartowska — H. Zielińska — C. Lewandowska — H. Juzonis — L. Skarbek — E. Cwiklińska

Sitting (from left to right) P. Scibiorska — M. Kleczewska — L. Busse — J. Karwasińska — L. Czwalińska — O. Ulanowska — V. Rybakowicz — K. Grześkowiak.

CLASS OFFICERS.

President .....Adeline M. Preyss
Vice-President .....Lucille M. Busse
Secretary .....Lillian A. Czwalinska
Treasurer .....Olga Ulanowska
Social Chairman .....Priscilla Scibiorska

INTRODUCTORY POEM

H. M. Z.

You've all assembled here tonight,
In this hall all fragrant and bright,
Just to meet the near Graduate,
The Senior Class of Twenty Eight.

First comes Lucille, smiling is she,
To all around her, as you see.
She can walk, dance, do anything,
Draw, write, laugh, cry and even sing.

Estelle is gentle and so shy,
But there's mischief in her eye.
She's the smallest and very sweet,
A pleasant, lovely girl to meet.

Lillian is good, sincere and neat,
Blonde, blue-eyed and very petite.
Tho' fair and so very pretty,
Lillian is also witty.

Charlotte's of the quieter kind
In whom some character you'll find;
So good-natured and fine is she
Whom we call by the name "Charlie".

Kathryn is next to forward come.
"What have you got? Oh! gimme some"!
These words always from her lips came,
We'll surely miss her for the same.

There are students quite good and true,
Harriet J. comes from the few.
Always on time, the first in class,
She's a model to every lass.

Jeanette, there's no other like you
With a sense of humor so true.
She's always jolly and merry
We wonder if she's a fairy.

Mildred is smart — Millie is gay
She knows just when to work or play.
Dark and dear with a winning smile,
To have her friendship is worth while.

Like Anna Kutza there are few,
Her funny ways we'll surely rue.
She scattered smiles and laughter gay
In what to us she had to say.

Here comes "Cleo" so full of fun,
A loving pal to everyone.
We all admire her mellow voice,
Among all others, she's our choice.

Though Annette P. was born so bright,
She stays home and studies at night.
She's full of pep and full of vim,
And, Oh! does she know how to swim.

Next comes Adeline, so polite,
She always tried to do what's right.
We wonder at her patience rare,
And gaze with awe at her long hair.

Ann R. is as bright as a ray,
She is busy the life-long day,
Making cartoons of all she'd see
Perhaps also of you and me.

Our Victoria aims to please,
By being such a darling tease.
We love her, tho' she made us sore,
But we are glad she'll tease no more.

Priscilla is a good, old sport
And we like one of just that sort.
Mark you — before the shadows fall,
She'll cause merriment in this hall.

Louise with her nice curly hair,
Never known to refuse a dare,
Will deep in our hearts always be,
Everyone loves her, so you see.

Now meet Olga, one of the best,
She is different from the rest.
For she is just that sort of girl
Whom we consider a real pearl.

The last not least is Harriet
One like her you have never met.
The fairest, tallest of them all
And quite a shark at Volley Ball.

Now you've met the sweet graduates
To whom the world opens its gates.
They'll now gladly entertain you
Therefore I, have to say adieu.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

PROGRAMME.

Introductory Poem — In honor of the Graduates.....*Mary Danisch and Alice Płachecka*
Welcome Song .....*Class of '28*
Salutation — Composed and rendered by ..*Jeanette F. Karwasińska*
Class Will — Composed and read by .....*Mildred L. Kleczewska*
Class Song .....*Class of '28*
Class Prophecy — Composed and read by .*Clothilde A. Lewandowska*
Piano Solo .....*Anna M. Kutza*
Class Mimic .....*Priscilla Scibiorska*
Song .....*Class of '28*
Recitation .....*Harriet Juzonis*
Play — "The Taming of Horrors" .....*Class of '28*

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Shirley Mason (Horrors), careless and spoiled .*Lillian A. Czwalińska*
Mrs. Lipkins, the matron of the school ....*Charlotte C. Gewartowska*
Jesse James — Captain Kid roommates who live in Paradise Alley — *Kathryn T. Grześkowiak*
Victoria B. Rybakowicz
Patricia Kent, a Girl Scout from a Michigan troop .*Olga Ulanowska*
Mrs. Kent, mother of Patricia, and Captain of a Girl Scout troop — *Adeline M. Preyss*
Fluffy Owl — Snowy Owl — more roommates in Paradise Alley — *Louise Skarbek*
Estelle Cwiklińska
Airy, who rooms up in the tower .....*Harriet Zielińska*
Ducky — the swimming enthusiasts .....*Ann F. Roszkowska*
Millie .....*Mildred Kleczewska*

VOLLEY BALL GIRLS

Lucille Busse
Harriet Juzonis
Jeanette Karwasińska
Anna Kutza
Annette Poskoczym
Priscilla Scibiorska

Scene: Horrors' room, "Mess", in Miss Lewis' School for Girls.

Act 1 — The beginning of the school year.
Act 2 — One week later
Act 3 — End of second school month.
Act 4 — Graduation week in June.

Valedictory — Composed and rendered by .....*Lucille M. Busse*

"Alma Mater" Song ..... *Class of '28*

POWITANIE GOŚCI.

Wielebni Księża, Czcigodne Siostry Nauczycielki, Najdrożsi Rodzice i Szanowna Publiczności:—

W imieniu wszystkich moich koleżanek witam zebranych tutaj Drogich naszych Gości.

Dzień dzisiejszy jest bardzo ważnym dla nas gdyż nietylko dopięłyśmy celu, ukończyłyśmy nauki w tej tak drogiej uczelni, ale także myślimy ze smutkiem, że ją opuścić mamy, wstępując na nowe drogi życia. Zapewniamy jednak, że nigdy, O, nigdy nie zapomniemy O naszej Alma Mater.

W sercach naszych żyć będzie pamięć spędzenia wspólnych lat w zdobywania wiedzy i wzmacnianie wiary.

Celem dzisiejszego wieczoru jest abyśmy tu wszystkich obecnych zabawić mogły. Jestem pewna, że nie pożałujecie przybycia tu i mam nadzieję, że nasze starania będą przyjęte życzliwie i serdecznie.

Jeszcze raz WITAMY!

J. K.

CLASS HISTORY

L. A. C.

School days ending,
New days blending
Into gladness and success.

The last rung of our High School ladder had been reached, but being loyal daughters of our beloved Alma Mater, we cannot leave her portals without one last glance at the four very happy and very short years which we have spent within her embrace.

In the year 1924, in the calm month of September, we entered the Holy Family Academy as Freshmen. At that time there were twenty-four of us; bright and alert although humble, we began our high school career. The subjects prescribed for our study, those which we dreaded to meet, were considered very easy after our first scare was over.

Needless to say, we enjoyed everyone of the educational and pleasure trips made in our Freshmen Class.

We also attended the funeral services of our Chaplain, the Rev. Father Stefanowicz.

When we reached the Sophomore's height we numbered twenty-one, and felt far more assured of ourselves.

During this year we were honored by His Excellency Archbishop J. Cieplak R. I. P., whose visits shall be retained in our memories for a long, long time.

Mr. Trimble, the High School Visitor of the University of Illinois, visited our school in February.

A program was rendered for the Seniors of '26 and through the kindness of Rev. C. Sztuczko we were given permission to use the Holy Trinity Auditorium. Again, through the benevolence of Rev. R. Appelt we were permitted to give the entertainment at the Immaculate Heart of Mary School. It was a grand success.

The last event in our Sophomore year was the gigantic Eucharistic Congress held at Grant Park Stadium and Mundelein, Illinois.

At the word Juniors, we were thrilled. Our success of the Junior year we owe to S. M. Lilosa, who has been with us for the intermediate years. Our Junior year has been very busy and we enjoyed the work and pleasure of it immensely.

It was at the beginning of the happy Junior year that we had been transferred to our new building, although we regretted to leave the old quarters to which we have been so greatly attached, we rejoiced at the prospect of the new and more comfortable surroundings.

We attended a Bunco and Card Party given by the Seniors.

It was during the same year that some of the girls experienced their first "retreat" or religious introspection. This lasted three days.

The Dedication of the Holy Family Academy by his Eminence George Cardinal Mundelein will be frequently recalled by all the participants.

Resolved that "Great Ambitions have Wrought more Harm than Good to Mankind," such was our object of the debate which was held in the Assembly Hall, and will never be forgotten by us.

That year a program was given for the Seniors and was considered splendid. It was the first event of that sort for not once yet were the Seniors honored by an orchestra and a program in the evening.

At last we gained the final goal—Seniorship. The first weeks the short seven lettered word was music to our ears, but now as we realize that it means parting, we long for it to be starting.

Our first duty in the Senior Class was the initiation of the little Freshies, no doubt they, as well as we, will never forget that memorable day.

In the early part of our school year we were entertained by Mr. S. Jarosz, a native of Podhola and a university student, whose dancing and talk was very interesting.

Bishop Salome, an Egyptian, delivered an interesting lecture on the "Eastern Question." The whole lecture was presented in terms so easily understood that it inspired the audience with a desire for more intimate knowledge of the East and what it means to the world.

We attended an amateur program given by the seventh grade. It was very well done. Youngsters, keep it up.

The eighth grade program left an agreeable sensation within our hearts. After seeing the result we can justly say—"the girls tried hard."

The formal opening of our swimming pool was held on February 19. The swimming tournament, which was very successful, was the first event of that sort held in our school, and we are proud to say, that of the high school, the Seniors got first place, the Freshies second, Juniors third.

The day after the swimming meet will never be forgotten. That memorable day Rev. Bishop Dubowski visited our school and presented the Senior class with their class rings. Were we happy; happiness of that kind cannot be described.

March 12th, the first program given in honor of us Seniors by the Sophomore Class, is simply inexpressible. The sourvenirs will not be erased from our memory, and best possible care will be taken of them. Thank you, Sophs.

The pupils of the Holy Trinity School gave a drama in our auditorium. We enjoyed it very much. The orchestra ought to be complimented on its good work also. Keep it up young students!

The Sophomore Class held a very interesting Polish contest, in which the winners were awarded very pretty and useful prizes.

The Sacred Concert proved to be a great success. The splendid and clear voices of the singers echoed through the halls. The violinists displayed their perfect skill. Solemn Benediction followed the concert. Rev. Dr. John Kozlowski was the celebrant. Rev. C. Marcinkiewicz and Rev. Ladislaus W. Kozlowski assisted.

"The Fire Brigade," a very good movie, was shown in our auditorium through the kindness of Father Jankowski, who directed the moving picture machine.

Another program given in our honor, this time by the Juniors, was gorgeous, they, as always, lively and original were great. We can say that whatever the Juniors undertake, they bring to the peak of perfection. Thank you.

A dinner party and a wonderful program in our honor by the little Freshies was held on May 24 at the Holy Family dining room. We are indeed pleased to state that our Freshies surely treated us royally and that some day they will develop into wonderful cooks or excellent housewives.

Class Day and Commencement the height of our ambitions! Our last tasks which we believe are done with lightest and happiest hearts, crown our last days.

We regret that our days of pleasure at the H. F. A. have passed, but the memory of the past four years will never fade.

StanisłaWa Cwiklińska
LudwIka Skarbek
JadWiga Juzonis
WiktorjA Rybakowicz
Anna KuTza

Lucyna BUsse
LeokadjaCzwalińska
Katarzyna GrZeśkowiak
Adelina PrEyss
KlotyldaLewandowska
AnNette Poskoczym
Prakseda Sc I biorska
Olga UlanOwska

JaniNa Karwasińska
MelanjA Kleczewska
WładySława Gewartowska
Jadwiga Zielińska
AnnA Roszkowska.

L. S.

Adeline Preyss
Ann Roszkowska
Annette POskoczym
Kathryn Grześkowiak
HarRiet Juzonis
CharlottE Gewartowska
Priscilla Scibiorska
Louise Skarbek
Estelle Cw Iklińska
Victoria Rybakowicz
Mildred KlEczewska

Lucille BuSse
JeanettE Karwasińska
AnNa Kutza
Lill Ian Czwalińska
ClOthilde Lewandowska
HarRiet Zielińska
Olga UlanowSka

L. S.

CLASS MOTTO.

H. M. Z.

"True to the End" — an unassuming motto, and so it may seem to many, but to us, the Senior class of '28, it is the fulfillment of all our hopes and ideals.

To be true to the end, is an undertaking which cannot be easily accomplished. To be true, one must be not only faithful to one's friends but also to his own promises and must comply with the set standards. Each one of us is placed here for a definite and distinct purpose in life, and the highest, purest and best should be our only standard. Our every day life is the battle-ground where we have the opportunity of displaying heroism and the principle of our motto.

This motto carries a vast meaning and serves us as a greater inspiration at present and will serve in the future. Our motto is ever to guide the Seniors onward and upward in the pathway of loving service and devotion. The opportunities of service are manifold. If you have helped to provide a scholarship to keep some other girl in school, you will feel an inspiration that comes from constructive effort toward a noble cause. And back of all and directing all is our class motto, the animating spirit that forces us on and binds us into one loving and living unity. It is the motive power of our team-work — the sort of thing that carries a victorious team to success. If you have that spirit, all things are possible, for right aspirations persistently cherished will surely come to pass and you certainly will be "true to the end".

As we go forth into our new life, with all our acquired wisdom, our motto will ever be before us, spurring us on to achievements, loyally, self-mastery and self-control and loving service which is really the corner stone of all our actions. Service takes nothing from the few, while it opens up to the many the opportunities for a richer, fuller and more complete life. It is the cement that binds society into a solid foundation upon which to build better places in which to live and work.

Our motto fills us with power which fits us, not only for cultivated leisure, but for earnest work. It binds us together by giving each one interests beyond herself. It incorporates the power and nobility of the individual, into the strength and grandeur of the larger individual society. The talents we possess are for the service of all; our activity and progress go into the general social conditions; our faults and failures subtract from the public good. This motto will guide us safely through the dangerous waters and escape the chasms of chaos that now seem to threaten, to engulf us. Thus strengthened by this motto we will go into the world and try to be always "True to the End".

CLASS FLOWER

THE DAISY

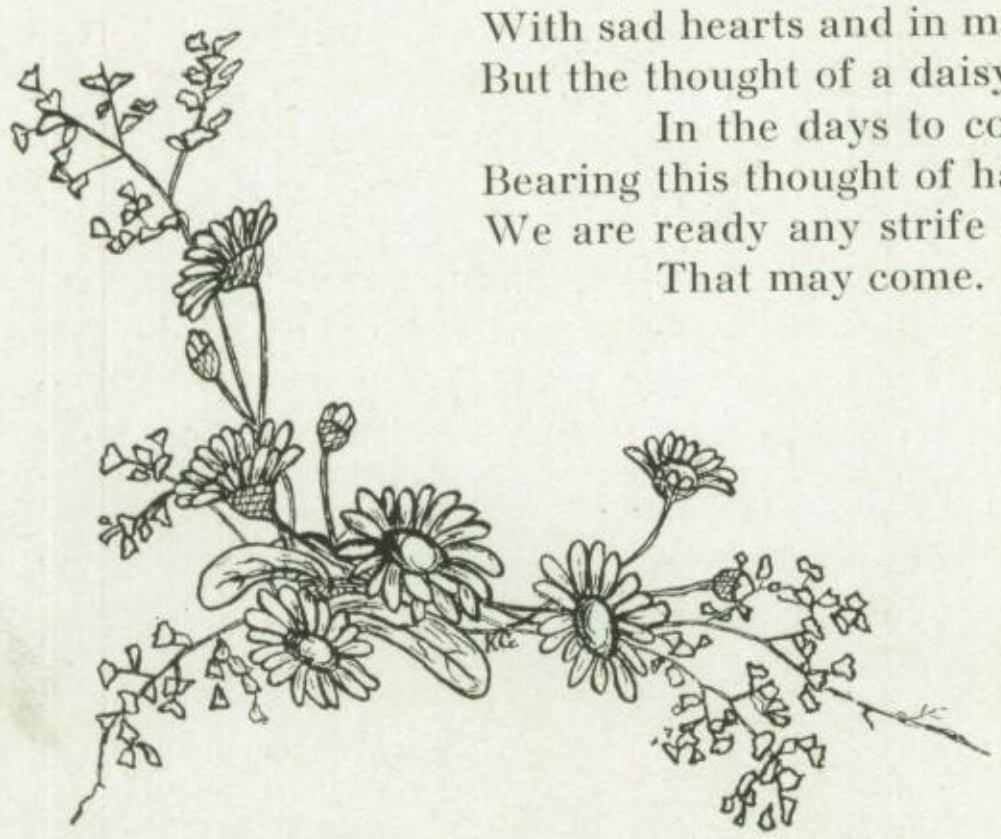
The daisy, that above all was to tower
Was chosen as the Seniors' flower,
From which we derived its sweet power:—
Some perception;
Some constant longing; brief pleasure;
Which in our minds we shall treasure
From affection.

O daisy, bright flower
That adorns the Seniors' bower
In any place at any hour,
We cleave fast,
So that our hearts with gladness repair
And your worthiness with us share
When years have past.

The bud that dwells everywhere
To our youth we do compare,
To youth — delightful, so unaware
Of life — its perils,
That burn with a broad, unsteady light
And die, — then others are planted with delight
That prevails.

So too, we must part from here
With sad hearts and in many an eye a tear.
But the thought of a daisy will give us a cheer
In the days to come.
Bearing this thought of happiness
We are ready any strife to pass
That may come.

K. G.



CLASS COLORS

A. K.

In adopting as our class colors the blend of white and gold, we have a twofold purpose; first, to take as our life's emblem our characteristics, the colors made sacred to us as the representation of our true school life; and second, to embody into the principles of our lives the virtues symbolized by the colors we so selected.

WHITE stands for joy; joy in attending the Holy Family Academy, and furthermore, the joy that we have at last accomplished the work of four years. Through the white, we will give out in proportion as we receive; we will make our own consolation by radiating the fullness of joy and gladness to the needy lives we touch. The spotless white symbolizes FAITH — we shall endeavor to be always faithful to our dear Alma Mater, which we are now leaving with sorrow for parts yet unknown.

GOLD, which has a metallic luster, suggests power, glory, and gayety. We have passed gaily through these last years, smiling at trouble and laughing at gloom. Gay, though we were, we have already tasted some of the growing fruits of wisdom, and found some of them sweet while others were bitter, and, in the years to come, we shall find them more often bitter than sweet. "Sow, and thou shalt reap" How much these words may mean to you! Plant the tiny seeds of wisdom now, and you are sure to gather a harvest in later years, that should be profitable to you.

So we start on this voyage of life, proudly holding aloft the fair banner of white and gold, determining to stand by these colors to the end, and in the meantime establishing lives of purer promises and golden characters for ourselves.

POŻEGNANIE.

Zegnaj droga szkoło ma
Zegnaj lecz nie na zawsze,
Bo miłość która w mym sercu trwa
Już nigdy nie wygaśnie.

A gdy ja pójdę w życia dal,
By nowych szukać dróg,
Nauka trwa czysta jak stal,
Będzie prowadzić tam — gdzie Bóg,

Idąc zawsze prawą drogą
Chcę życia trudy opromieniać
Aby pod Alma Mater togą
Zdobyć w przyszłości laurowy wieniec.

Na pracę i na życia trud,
Dodadzą hartu twe nauki,
Chcę iść i uświadamiać lud,
Chcę światło nieść ja w ciemne luki.

Bo jeśli mi Opatrzność da,
I sił i zdrowia i zdolności,
Chcę użyteczną kraju być ja,
Służyć idei i ludzkości.

I niosąc kaganiec wiedzy,
Na nowe drogi prawe iść
By ulżyć innym w nędzy,
Cześć Alma Mater, Cześć.

Olga Ulanowska.

CLASS POEM.

L. M. B.

Tonight, we leave this protective port
On the ships of future we shall go forth
Onward to meet lifes tempest and gale
Make hope live again, if in courage we fail.
We take the rudder while sadly we sigh
For are we not voicing you a last Good-bye?
May brave skippers we prove to be,
Battling the storms for ourselves and Thee.
And in the future spread your dear name
Ore land and sea. Know thou princely fame!
Our teachers, masters have moulded the craft
And within us no fear of danger have left.
For they have led us from darkness to light
Teaching us to do what is good and what is right.
Alma Mater, though we leave your loving side
Thou shalt forever be our outstanding Guide.
You shall cast your bright and sunny rays
When clouds obscure our happy days...
But when the sea grows calm and still
The heavens clear, 'tis then we will
Be safely gliding towards the shore
Content to be nearing a port once more.
Our ship when anchored, may, victorious be,
And our prayers of thanks, ring ever to Thee.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

Mildred K.

We, the Seniors, 1928, of the Holy Family Academy from the City of Chicago and the State of Illinois, have assembled here to read "Our Last Will and Testament."

Though we have been here only four short years, little did we realize that our "High School Days" are coming to an end. We beg of you all, who have known us, to kindly forget all mistakes we have unwillingly fallen into, but to respectfully remember us as the Seniors of 1928, and above all, the joyous times we have had together.

To the Faculty we leave our deep gratitude for having taught us all subjects necessary to complete our High School career. Even though, dear teachers, many times you wanted to "give up," you did stick to the end, and made us what we are today—GRADUATES.

To our beloved mistress, Sister M. Amabilis, we leave her our unexpressible love, which we hope shall never be forgotten.

To the Juniors we give and bequeath our permission to use the Senior classroom, and also the management of the school paper "ECHO," may you prove successful in publishing it. Also the honorary membership of the H. F. A. Sorority.

To the Sophomores we bequeath our ability in handing notebooks, essays, and homeworks in on time.

To the Freshmen we will all our polished etiquette, attained by us through our four years of study at H. F. A.

As individual property we bequeath:

Lucille Busse's medals for swimming to Praxeda Pawlowska.

Estelle Cwiklinska's timidness to Rose Kanabay.

Lillian Czwalinska's comb, brush, mirror, purse to Genevieve Kurzawska.

Charlotte Gewartowska's one and many excuses to Louise Wnorowska.

Kathryn Grzeskowiak's hearty appetite to Adeline Domek.

Harriet Juzonis' sudden outbursts of temper to Cecilia Budzban.
Jeanette Karwasinska's correct posture to Irene Jasinska.
Anna Kutza's corrected physics note-book to Helen Rybakowicz.
Clothilde Lewandowska's vocal ability to Genevieve Suchomska.
Anne Roszkowska's sudden inspirations during night to Jean Domkowska.
Victoria Rybakowicz's gift of pleasant teasing to Mary Danisch.
Annette Poskoczym's promptness to Bernice Grzelecka.
Adeline Preyss' book on "Trying to Reduce" to Alice Plachecka.
Priscilla Scibiorska's power to argue to Sophie Wencel.
Louise Skarbek's faithful brief case to Phyllis Korczyk.
Olga Ulanowska's diligence to Adeline Jsczalik.
Harriette Zielinska's beauty-box to Helen Pisanko.

In Witness Whereof, we, the Seniors, 1928, the testators, have to this, our last will and testament, set our hands and seal, this day of June, A. D., nineteen hundred twenty-eight.

Witnesses:
Father Time.
Mother Nature.

CLASS PROPHECY

C. L.

One summer evening as I sat on the beach my memory had carried me back to my school-days at the Holy Family Academy. At times I gazed dreamily over the lake and suddenly it seemed to me that I have heard above the rhythmic murmum of the waves, the sound of someone playing the piano. I immediately recognized the touch of Adeline Preyss. She was playing an enchanting melody. At once I rose from my reclining position and turned my footsteps into the direction from whence came the sound. Shortly after this I entered a magnificent building where an audience of several thousands were listening with rapture to her playing.

While coming out of the auditorium some one handed me a card. I glanced at the card and found that it contained something very interesting. It was advertising a certain exhibition of gymnasium teachers doing their acts at one of the leading theatres. I could hardly believe my eyes for there were two names that I had recognized, Lillian A. Czwalinski and Lucille M. Busse, were the prominent teachers. They had just completed their course at Chicago Normal. I was very sorry that I had not been there to see them, but I suppose I cannot be present everywhere. I passed a newsstand at the corner of State Street and bought a paper. While looking through the paper I have seen a great deal of familiar names and faces. It seems that the girls didn't change a bit. First I have noticed a photograph of Harriette Zielinski, the blushing bride of a tall, dark young man whose name I do not remember. Next I saw a photograph of Olga Ulanowski, in the Foreign Section, which stated that she was going to be a "Countess," in a few months and would live in Poland. Estelle Cwiklinski and Louise Skarbek are both married and reside in Park Ride. Babe received a prize for the best garden there. Lou received a beautiful mantel clock for the best home. My, but Park Ridge must like to give prizes away. Charlotte Gewartowski is the best woman judge in the United States. I wonder if Charley is late for any of her trials?

After walking for some time I came to a hospital which looked new, probably it had just been built. Here I learned that the head doctor of the medical department is Anna Kutza. She conducts the "How to be Healthy" column in the health magazines. Most of the questions she receives are "How can I reduce?" Ann certainly knows what to tell the eager patients. I remember when she told Adeline what to eat in order to reduce. While visiting the hospital I met a tall nurse, and when she came nearer—why it was Annette Poskoczym. She is the head nurse in the new hospital.

A few blocks away I have noticed a new school building; as it was dinner hour I have seen two familiar faces coming out of the building. What? Mildred Kleczewski and Kathryn Grzeskowiak? "Yes," said Mildred, "I am the English teacher and 'Kats' is the French teacher." "Do you feed your students on cakes and cookies like you used to do with us?" I asked Mildred. "Well, you see, I do not like to carry cake on the street car, so they must do without it. And then, I leave before the bakers

put the dough in the oven," replied Mildred. But I didn't want to delay them, for I remembered how we hurried to the restaurant when we attended the H. F. A.

I said good-bye and walked in the opposite direction. Just then I met Jeannette Karwasinski. She persuaded me to go with her and see a certain play. On the way to the theatre, she was telling me all about herself. She told me that she is the private secretary to the American Ambassador to France. Then we stepped into a dainty candy shop (one of our chief weaknesses) where we have met Victoria Rybakowicz who is the costume designer for the attractive comedy. Jean also told me that Ann Roszkowski is a commercial artist and conducts her own studio in the Woolworth Building. Jean also added that Harriet Juzonis was engaged in that sweet occupation of taking care of her husband in a nice bungalow in Oak Park. While leaving the theatre, we met Priscilla Scibiorski, who invited us to the grand opening of her drug store, which will be placed opposite the Drake Hotel and will open at 9:15 A. M. every day. Priscilla do not oversleep!

Just as I left Prissy and Jean I was conscious of a very strange feeling. A feeling of being all alone, somewhere near the water where the sound of the waves and the rustle of the wind whispered to my ear "wake up." I was very glad because it was quite dark and the beach was deserted. The waves were dashing high and the black clouds were scurrying across the sky. All these were sure evidences of an approaching storm. I could hardly realize that I had been sound asleep for such length of time; but nevertheless, it was the most pleasant dream that I ever had in my life.

VALEDICTORY

L. M. B.

Reverend Fathers, Esteemed Sisters, Beloved Parents, Relatives and Friends:

In the paths of life we often come to an end of a road which in the past we have marked as a goal to be reached. We who stand tonight at the meeting between a happy past and an unknown future, have reached not the end but the commencement of our lives, which in a large measure depend upon the foundation we have been building in our school years.

Those only who have passed part of their happy, care-free and youthful days at the dear Alma Mater, acquiring knowledge, wisdom and then voicing it a sad "Adieu" will understand and pity us and our inadequate expressions of our deepest sentiments, that fill our hearts at the parting hour. The sentiments that must be inclosed in the word that brings sorrow to a joyous heart—the word—Farewell.

Dear Alma Mater, how can we bid you Adieu? How can we leave your halls, which we have learned to love, the classes where happy memories linger, where our tears were shed and where our joyous laughter rang? Oh—realm of knowledge, kingdom of youth, we must leave your venerable protective walls, the cloister of cheerful and ardent girlhood. Ah—Alma Mater we are forced to bid you farewell. Tears fill our eyes and sadness penetrates the most secret recesses of our hearts. We must say farewell to the scenes and places that have become a part of us.

Beloved Parents—we cannot pass forever out of this Institution without thanking you from the bottom of our hearts for the privilege of beginning this school life and all your sacrifices. What joy and pride enters my heart to know that the love and gratitude which I express in the name of my classmates although inadequately, rings pure and sincere. But no matter how we express our feelings the look of understanding beams in your eyes and we know that you are satisfied and that contentment reigns within your heart which is filled with happiness. We appreciate every effort that was made on your part to help us to reach our goal—graduation. If not for you where would we be today? What chance would we have in life? It is through you that we are reaching perfection and attaining success. How can we ever repay you for all the sacrifices, for all the sorrow and worry we have caused you? Our words of appreciation and our deeds of love will never fully repay you, but we sing with gladness to know that our smallest deeds somehow seem to make you cheerful.

We thank you—our dear Fathers and Mothers.

For you, Dear Members of the Faculty, there are no words on this vast universe that can tell you how much we appreciate your guidance and your care. Your interest in our souls and the material things of life. Logic is vain, when our lips falter and refuse to voice at least partially the emotions stirring our souls at the thought of parting with those who have taught us the value of truth, virtue and courage and have prepared us for the future battles of life.

For four years we have relied upon your advice and wisdom; seeking your counsel and assistance. Never have we been disappointed; willingly your guiding hand helped us through some of the most difficult problems in our high school days. Your teachings strongly implanted in our memories give us courage to walk our paths and battle our lives alone, and we hope that they shall forever serve as our guide. To you dear teachers we must also express our earnest thanks. Often and often in the days to come we will turn our minds back to you. We promise that we shall try and live up to our motto in all things "True to the end."

And thus dear Classmates the clock will soon strike our parting hour which is now drawing nigh. Another ardent handclasp, then goodbye. What grim reality, what autsere truth, at last the dreaded hour has come. We have been putting the thought of parting aside till it can no longer be ignored. The inevitable must be faced; the dreaded conquered. How short, entirely so, were the days, weeks and months, that have passed on fleeting wings never to be brought back again. How vivid rise the pictures of our disagreements, our mutual interests, our days of revelry and days of fear at the thought of examinations. All these lie sacred in our memories and bring us joy at the thought that only we share the particular little secrets and jokes which shall be treasured forever. The realization that this may be our last meeting, fills us with an unfathomed feeling of sadness. May God bless and guide each and every one of you, on the paths which are grey with mists of unknown encounter. May heavenly reward await you and may the paths, though sometimes thorny, be spread with sweetness and joy. May we meet there, where all paths lead and rejoice with Him in His Kingdom.

Trumpeter! Trumpeter! Sound your horn!
Let thy piercing blasts on air be bourn!
And on heavens—that, as with thunder torn—
Herald our victory!
Let Joy be born!

Sing, ye choirs! Make your voices ring
With the lofty appraisal of glory,
Our glory! Sing!

Trumpeter! Trumpeter! Sound!

But why this heralding? this singing? this glee?

Ah! because we have graduated—have conquered, at last, the mighty foe that for these past years has suffered us to sacrifice pleasures and bodily comforts. "We" are the heroines of yesterday's hardships, today we go forth to demand our worth.

Daily we toiled at the wheel of Education—sweated under the pressure of mental scrutiny, and today we reap the harvest that intellect has sowed with the hand of intuition. Tomorrow we shall spend the produce of that harvest in attaining a far greater intellectual fortune.

There were many hills to climb, some low, others steep—very steep—there were bridges and gaps to cross, barbs that scratched, cut, poisoned—there were traps, undetectable yet ever present—yet, we persevered. It was the overbearing self-confidence, optimism, and anticipation that helped us—to fall, to rise, and go on to that glorious end—Graduation! That Eden of Attainment!

How wonderful are the ways of God!

We have intellect; with intellect we sow the seed—learning; concentration, imagination and ingenuity nourish and develop learning into a bud—a blossom—the bloom of knowledge. God then places this knowledge which human intellect, with His Almighty Hand, has created, before a severe, critical audience, to be tested and tried. To bear the censorship and criticism of such authority our flower must be strong and noncounterfeit, yet of the most subtle, augmented splendour.

God has afforded the graduates of the Holy Family Academy a far greater opportunity for success, for He has planted our seeds in a blessed and sacred ground—that of a Catholic High School.

Our gratitude lies in the height of our success! Let us soar!

Our aim is success—our end—Perfection!

A. M. P.

JUNIORS

Top row (from left to right) B. Baran — S. Kozimińska — H. Rybakowicz — F. Amborska — L. Wnorowska — P. Pawłowska — C. Budzban — R. Kanabay — A. Żukowska — H. Pisanko — J. Domkowska.

Middle row (from left to right) H. Klucznik — B. Grzelecka — H. Świątek — A. Płachecka — V. Pawłowska — S. Friedman — A. Domek — M. Danisch — L. Kopacz.

Bottom row (from left to right) S. Wencel — H. Krechniak — M. Ptaszek.

Absent: Helen Laskowska.

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CZY MAMY NA TEM POPRZESTAĆ?

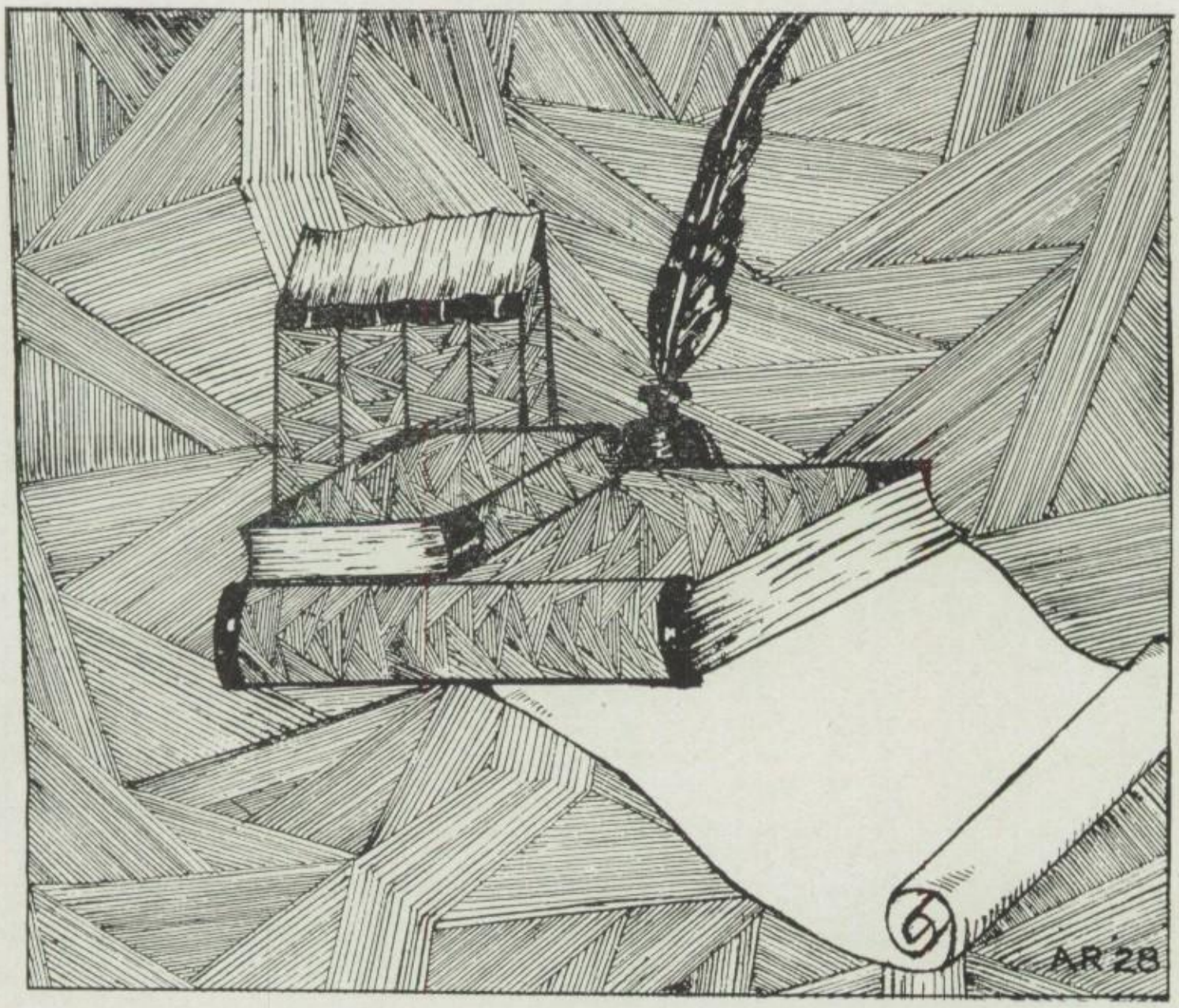
Większość z nas po skończeniu nauk w wyższej szkole uważa się za zupełnie dojrzałych ludzi, i myśli że wiedza zdobyta w ciągu kilku lat szkolnych wystarczy w zupełności na przyszłość. Zapatrywanie takie można usprawiedliwić brakiem zdolności czy funduszu ale tylko w rzadkich wypadkach. Większość natomiast powinna dalej studjować w wyższych uczelniach odpowiednio do swego powołania i upodobania. Bo co właściwie daje nam szkoła wyższa? Tylko przygotowuje do życia i dalszej pracy naukowej nad sobą.

Gdy się spojrzy tylko na ogłoszenia o poszukiwaniu panien do pracy biurowej łatwo spostrzec że potrzebują panienek ale z wykształceniem kolegjalnem. Nie można więc poprzestać na wykształceniu szkoły wyższej ale trzeba uczyć się dalej, żeby móc zająć lepsze stanowisko, żeby Polki w biurach i zawodach nie ustępowały niczem panienkom innej narodowości, i wreszcie abyśmy zdobyły wśród otoczenia uznanie ludzi wykwalifikowanych w swym zawodzie.

Obecne czasy są jednym wielkim pochodem do nauki i wiedzy i żeby nie upaść w tym pochodzie i nie być podeptanemi przez tłum trzeba mu kroku dotrzymać pod każdym względem. Dlatego nie zaniedbywajmy dalszego wykształcenia się aby nasza Alma Mater była dumną ze swych abiturjentek, widząc je na stanowiskach społecznych narówni z innemi narodowościami. Cześć!

Olga Ulanowska.

LITERARY



THE GREEN HILL AQUATIC STAR

"Hello, yes, in five minutes, yes, at the Green Hill, all righty" . . . Camille Winterboom banged the receiver of the telephone, grabbed her hat, purse and gloves and fled down the stairs, outside to the garage and in a minute, she was on her way to the Green Hill Country Club.

She was speeding in her yellow Lincoln roadster, for she was worried that she would be very late in meeting Diane Simons, daughter of the most prominent and wealthiest man in Evanston. Diane was to take part in the tournament and as she was the famous fancy diver and the best swimmer of Green Hill, it was up to her to win the championship and bring laurels to the Club.

When Camille turned into Diane's block, Camille spied her, standing at the curb. Diane looked very girlish in her little green sport dress, tan slippers and a snug jade hat, with only a few unruly rusty curls escaping from beneath it.

"Thank you very much," Diane said and added a laugh of sheer excitement.

"Never mind thanking me, you know I'd do anything for you," Camille replied seriously and still more seriously she said, "Diane dear, you must try your very hardest and win, we are all depending on you." But Diane being innocent, was not aware of what was going on in Camille's mind. For she from envy and jealousy had planned and schemed to keep Diane from arriving at the tournament, for wouldn't Diane be praised and boasted if she won. No, she wouldn't let Diane win.

"You know that I'm putting my heart and soul into it and I've prayed enough to win ten tournaments," Diane said with that happy little air of being loved and spoiled that became her so well.

"But please, Camille, let's not talk, 'cause I've only got ten minutes to get there and put my bathing suit on—step on the gas."

Camille stepped on it, but alas-s-s-s-s-s Bang! "A flat tire my dear, something of that sort would happen, and picture me fixing it, when I'm all in white and I've had my nails manicured this morning, and come to think of it, I never did fix a tire for myself. Oh! Diane, we'll be late for the tournament." Silently she was complimenting herself on her marvelous scheming.

"Look! Camille, look, there's something coming down the hill, it looks like a Ford, it may be a man driving it and of course he'll fix it for us if we ask him."

The object drew nearer and stopped behind them.

"May I be of any service to the fair maidens in distress?" asked a cheery voice. And as he was dressed in overalls and had a smudge of grease here and there on his face, with a look of a garage man, Diane eagerly told him of their trouble and fear of being late for the tournament.

Little Diane skipped here and there and handed the young man any necessary articles he asked for, while Camille sat in the car making herself prettier.

"Thank you very much," Diane told him sincerely after he was finished. "I'm very sorry we've been so much trouble to you, and I wish I had time to tell you more, but I know we are very late and we simply cannot waste another minute."

"The pleasure has been all mine, miss, I do wish you are successful today and—and I hope I may see you again soon. Goodbye."

Goodbye. Thank you.

Diane having been very interested in the young man, did not notice that Camille hadn't said one word, during the time when he worked so hard and after he was finished.

"Why, Camille, you look angry, what happened?"

"Oh, well, if you want to know, I hate people like that man, so dirty and so common, I didn't like him that's all," Camille replied snobbishly.

"But he's been so kind to us and very polite I thought, besides what would we have done without him," Diane tried to explain.

"Well, that was his duty as a man to help young ladies in a case like this, any man would have done as much, no, Diane I don't like him," she said with assurance and finality, hating the man more for spoiling her plans.

"I know he's quite wealthy and refined, why his hands were like a girl's. I don't think you were one bit polite when you snubbed him, you never mentioned one word of gratitude," Diane started but wisely stopped for she knew that Camille was aware that her cool, airy manner was maddening. By this time they drove into the driveway of the Club and Camille was fearfully angry.

The tournament was almost over. There were four more events, and the opposing team was at lead.

Diane quickly jumped out of the car, ran into the locker-room and in a little while she had her bathing suit on, and went into the pool where all her friends were losing hope, but when they saw her, shouts and cheers were in the air.

"Diane is here!" "We can't lose now!" "Diane!"

At once changes were made by the announcer. Diane's substitute cancelled and "Judges ready," "Swimmer's ready," a sharp whistle and Diane was off to win the one hundred and twenty yard race for the Club. Diane glided back and forth in the pool, she had just twenty yards to go—and as she went down the passage on tiptoe scarcely daring to breathe, she heard the announcement: "Diane Simons has first place." This, together with the cheers, encouraged her more.

The fancy diving was next. Diane dove once, a perfect back swan, again the front swan, no better form could be achieved by anybody, a clean-cut jack-knife and hand-stand followed. Again luck was with Diane, her points ranged highest of all.

The next event was more difficult than the previous ones, because her competitors were more skilled in the breast stroke than she, nevertheless, she made an attempt at it and did win it but only by two strokes. The one hundred yard free style was the finishing event. Diane did the crawl with her usual swiftness accompanied by her grace. After very hard work the score was announced 43-39 in favor of the Green Hill Country Club.

Four hours later Diane entered the ballroom of the Club, very noticeable indeed, with an exquisite dress, her delicate features, and her proud little air. The pride was in no way vanity; it was a fine delicacy, a sort of dislike for anything coarse, ugly or mean in herself as well as in others.

She looked around the room for Camille, but was told that Camille wasn't able to be present.

As she stood in the doorway, gazing about for some familiar face, the gentleman

of the afternoon greeted her.

"Pardon my audacity," he laughed with intermingling seriousness, "but may I have the pleasure of the next dance."

"But we do—not—know," she began when Mrs. Van Rivells, one of the chaperons of the evening, faced them and interrupted saying, "Miss Simons, may I present Mr. Donald P. Llwedlyn, the All-American football captain and our male guest of honor tonight; you see Diane it is absolutely necessary for you to be acquainted with each other."

"Glad to know you, indeed." "Pleased to make your acquaintance," they responded simultaneously.

"Must I ask again, now?" he said.

"Of course not," Diane replied happily.

L .A.C.

MŁODA ARTYSTKA.

J. K.

W chłodnym i zimnym pokoju mieszka smutna Terenia myśląc co ma czynić na swe utrzymanie. Nie ma rodziców więc do kogo ma się udać? Nie wygląda na utalentowane dziecko prócz jej ócz które mają w sobie silny urok. Kto spojrzy w jej oczy pomyśli sobie, — ta dziecina ma coś w sobie co ją wyróżnia od innych.

Pewnego dnia ktoś zapukał, Terenia pospieszyła i otworzyła drzwi. Z wielkiem zdziwieniem ujrzała przed sobą dziewczątko równie jej wiekiem. Nieznajoma zapytała.

„Mieszka tu Terenia?"

„Tak jest", — brzmiała odpowiedź.

„Oto ja jestem nią, proszę wejść dalej".

„Jak widzę to jesteś bardzo zmieszana, lecz wcale ci się nie dziwię", odpowiedziała dziewczynka. „Przyszłam tu aby ci służyć jako wzór do malowania. Zgadzasz się, czy nie, na tę propozycję?" zapytała panienka.

„Tak jest", rzekła Terenia. „Boże dzięki Ci za me prośby", zawołała głośno Terenia. „Lecz jakże cię wołać mam?"

„Mama moja woła mnie Milciu," odrzekła nowoprzybyła. Chodź rozpoczniemy malowanie natychmiast, skoro poszukam pendzle i wszystkie inne przybory."

„Dobrze dodała Milcia", chodząc po pokoju i przypatrując się Tereni na wszystkie strony; Milcia myślała co za grzeczna i czysta panienka z Tereni i ja taką muszę zostać.

Kilka tygodni przeszło. Terenia nie widziała Milci i nie dbała o jej towarzystwo bo była bardzo zajętą. Pewnego dnia gdy się jej arcydzieło zbliżało do końca, zauważyła że nigdy nie czuła tyle miłości do żadnej osoby, jak do Milci i od tej chwili chciałaby ją mieć za swoją szczerą przyjaciółkę aby jej móc powiedzieć wszystkie swoje troski i krzywdy które do tej chwili wycierpiała.

Nadszedł nareszcie dzień w którym wszyscy artyści byli zobowiązani złożyć swoje sztuki piękne. Terenia również pospieszyła ze swoją pracą, w drodze spotkała Milcię.

„Gdzie idziesz", zapytała Milcia?

„Idę do studjum aby oddać moje wypracowanie", odpowiedziała Terenia. „Jestem bardzo ciekawa widzieć tę szczęśliwą osobę która otrzyma pierwszą nagrodę", mówiła dalej Terenia. „Ty Milciu sprawiasz mi prawdziwą przyjemność swoją obecnością i pomocą", dodała Terenia.

Nadeszła naznaczona godzina. Wszyscy sędziowie spokojnie jeden po drugim biorą obrazy i wydają swój wyrok, a ciekawa publiczność spogląda jeden na drugiego, czekając na chwilę w której wynik zostanie ogłoszony. Po pewnym czasie dał się słyszeć głos męski.

„Terenia zasługuje na pierwszą nagrodę za piękny olejny obraz. Proszę się tu zbliżyć", mówił sędzia. Terenia nie wiedząc co z radości robić, wstała i podeszła ku sędziemu i rzekła.

„Dziękuję serdecznie", i stanęła nie mogąc dalej ani słowa więcej powiedzieć.

Po skończonej ceremonji Milcia, która czekała w przyległym pokoju zbliżyła się do Tereni i rzekła:

„Przyszła godzina w której mogę ci powiedzieć, że odtąd nigdy sama mieszkać nie będziesz ale ze mną i rodzicami mojemi. „Będziesz moją siostrą".

Terenia znowu oniemiała z przerażenia i radości, ale wkrótce oprzytomniała i mocno uścisnęła i ucałowała swoją przybraną siostrzyczkę, Milcię, dziękując jej serdecznie za dobre i czułe serce.

SOPHOMORES.

Top row (from left to right) G. Kurzawska — A. Smaza — E. Przybyło — J. Górska — A. Okońska — I. Jasińska — F. Żabińska — S. Pyrek — S. Kołacz — F. Jezierna.

Sitting (from left to right) L. Jackowska — C. Strojna — L. Lach — P. Korczyk — V. Niebrzydowska — B. Jożwiak — G. Suchomska — L. Kołakowska.

THE SENSATION OF BEING A FRESHMAN

H. T. J.

Oh, how impatient I was for the morrow, because that particular tomorrow would be the first day of school. And I will be a Freshie at the most splendid school.

As the door attendant directed me to my class, I was spellbound with the dignity and splendor of the building. On the main corridor the atmosphere was penetrated with absolute quiet and solitude. But as we ascended the stairway leading to the upper corridor where my class was situated, only a slight hum was heard, and once in a while tinkling outbursts of the girls' laughter rose above the hum. As we have passed the rooms, each and every girl was having a confidential talk with her friend. But—my hopes of such friendliness were shattered as I have been ushered to the Freshman class.

There before me, with cold resolute eyes, sat twenty-two girls. Each gazed at the other frigidly and kept aloof from conversation. Barely a word would have been spoken till noon, if it were not for our teacher, who with her pleasant disposition, melted the ice away. And thus, through her influence we were acquainted with each other.

As the afternoon hours were fleeting fast, our shyness and timidness kept pace with it, laughter and conversation at its highest pitch issued from the Freshman class —meaning—"all is well."

"ANNUALITIS!"

'Twas an hour before noon, and all thru the room—
Was a hustling and bustling, and feeling of gloom.
Priscilla was scowling in a manner quite fearful—
And to the girls, was giving an earful.
Adeline Pryess was just plunged in despair,
Why, in fact, she was raving and tearing her hair.
As usual—Harriet Z. and Cleo were fighting—
Instead of poems and stories writing.
Poor Lillian was bravely trying to wade,
Thru copies that 'fore her were laid—
While Vicky was tussling with "sport news" galore,
The way she bossed Kathryn, you'd think she was sore—
But Katy, the dear, simply smiled and said,
In accents quite sweet, "Aw, go soak your head!"
Annette was working away at "Class News"—
While Jeannette was telling about her new shoes.
Harriet J. was fev'rishly counting the meter,
Of a poem, that tried to rhyme "DUCK with MOSKEETER!"
While Louise was looking for an inspiration,
For a "FEATURE" that would be the talk of the nation.
In the meantime, Lucille, sweetly dreaming—
Was a "KNOCK-OUT!" Valedictory scheming.
Millie's thoughts were not of poems and stories—
She was dreaming of vacation's glories!

And Charlie was working away at the "Year News,"
Wondering—why that job she did ever choose.
Olga—with a Polish theme and an inspiration,
Added to the conflagration.
And—of course, Bably with her Tribune was in back—
Sweetly telling us INSPIRATIONS she did lack! Oi!
While Anna K. was gasping in vain for breath,
All this work—was 'most proving her death.
And "I"???!? Oh!! This poem's my excuse—
For not writing any other news.

But nevertheless—when the hour came 'round,
Every bit of paper in its place was found.
And day in and day out you will see us working,
And not a girl from her tasks will be shirking.

R. F. R.

FRESHMEN.

Top row (from left to right) S. Rompała — A. Widlacka — H. Witecka — I. Maciejewska — J. Sajewska — S. Lenard — V. Rutkowska — O. Nawrocka — A. Jęczalik — A. Najdowska — Z. Staskiewicz — S. Kramarczyk.

Middle row (from left to right) F. Suchomska — I. Krechniak — V. Reisel — H. Lenard — S. Maksymiak — S. Miotka — A. Szczęsna — W. Chromczak — L. Mazurek — H. Ptaszyńska.

Bottom row (from left right) C. Mielżyńska — A. Lach — S. Gudyka — A. Wiercioch — B. Suwalska.

MOTHER O' MINE

H. T. J.

The old rickety gate screeched, flying feet were heard upon the gravel walk, and all of a sudden a curly head popped up at the window shouting merrily.

"Good afternoon mother!!"

Mrs. Doyle was not a bit startled by this sudden outburst of greeting for she was accustomed to hear it daily from her son Dickie.

Three years ago death invaded the Doyle's household, taking with herself the dearest father and husband, and leaving in its wake only bereavement and sorrow. This made a sudden change in the entire life and surroundings of the widow and her son, for she was compelled to look for a more modest home, which she found in an unfavorable vicinity. But Mrs. Doyle, however, being a brave woman took fate into her hands and strove to do the best of it. Hours, days, and nights were spent in labor in order to meet the demands of life, of which the most important was, the care of Edward Doyle's son, to lead him on and to bring him to some great prominence in the world, this however, was the last wish of the dying, and to be fulfilled by the dearest living one and that was Mrs. Doyle.

Dickie, a lad of thirteen, was vivacious, always loving and willing, but was not and could not become popular. He had no chances of promotion because he was always kept aloof and never considered. Although he did possess many talents, such as the other boys did not dream to have, he was one of the studious and bright kind.

Just as soon as Dickie ran to the back door and entered into a well ordered though poorly furnished kitchen whose air was penetrated with a baking and sizzling of an apple pie. For a moment the big brown eyes opened as wide as they possibly could, the well shaped head with its masses of soft curls rocked to and fro and in the meantime patting his tummy with great delight. His mother's voice awoke him from the reverie, and running up to her he planted a kiss upon her cheek and hugged her with great delight. A stranger looking at this scene would be liable to think that an absence of a few years would only cause such happiness of seeing each other.

"Well Dickie my boy, how have you spent your day at school?"

"Oh—mumsy it would be perfectly all right if it would not be for some of those rowdies living on the boulevard—and they consider themselves gentlemen, if it hadn't been the thought of you—probably I would have gotten into a scrap with one of them for. . . ."

With the unfinished sentence he hurried into the hallway, gathered up a sack and went to the adjacent train tracks. He wandered about awaiting the cars which are loaded with black glistening coal, and he thought what great content they will bring this coming winter. The train rumbled in a distance, and whizzed by with such swiftness that made the coal scatter on all sides. Dick eagerly scrambled after it as if it were an unpurchasable treasure. After gathering what load he could bear, he returned home. But not to enjoy the late afternoon hours for he took a ladder, with which he could reach to light the street lamps, placed a knapsack on his shoulder containing the necessary tools, and at last he picked up a basket containing, dish towels, pot holders, and various other miscellaneous articles, which the well-to-do women could make use of in lessening their household tasks. All these articles were made by Mrs. Doyle, this being her sole support.

Thus burdened he started out. He approached the homes of the fashionables with a hasty step—but knocked timidly. At times and almost always a gruff woman would answer the door, but she would not listen to the pleading voice of Dick saying.

"Please mam would you care to buy any of these today?" But in answer the door would slam before him. Still he did not lose hope, but went steadily on till all of his goods were disposed of. And then light began to twinkle on the boulevard, meaning that Dick's daily tasks were over. Although a little tired he was still happy that he had a few dimes, nickels, and quarters to place in their safe which could be found on the third shelf of the pantry.

The evening hours at the Doyle's had a special routine, Mrs. Doyle busied herself with sewing, Dick, earnestly and conscientiously studied his lessons. And then when mother and son were thus occupied then Dick felt so lonesome, for he lacked a comrade, a pal with whom he could spend a few hours at play as the other boys did, go out fishing minnowing, nut-picking as all the other regular fellows did. He needed a pal whom he could love and trust. Then for a moment he stopped the flood of thoughts. He was astonished at himself—why wasn't his mother a pal whom he could love and trust?—Yes—he could,—but—he wanted somebody like himself—No—his mother could not do so in this case. Tears stood in his eyes and there was a lump in his throat, and whenever his heart rebelled thus, he went over to a small table that stood in the corner of

FRESHMEN.

Top row (from left to right) M. Gordon — A. Szulczewska — J. Solewska — R. Menszyńska — A. Górska — J. Bis — G. Bukrajewska — J. Waligórska — G. Dziedzic — E. Paruszkiewicz — A. Karwoska — S. Górecka — A. Cetnar.

Middle row (from left to right) H. Zajdel — H. Guth — M. Kiełbasińska — I. Janusz — F. Sokołowska — N. Nowak — L. Kosiba — G. Suchomska — J. Stalmach — B. Fary.

Bottom row (from left to right) E. Boratyńska — A. Linkiewicz — L. Pociask — H. Stasiek — M. Stelmach.

the room and tenderly picked up a gift of gifts and the only thing that had been left for him by his beloved father, and that was an old queer looking violin.

And from under his nimble fingers he drew melodies at times joyful and so sweet that it seemed that spring herself was fleeting about with a crew of her attendants, the fairies. But today he played a weird and sadful tune, so sorrowful that his mother could not help swallowing a lump, and in an undertone she said:

"Dickie, my boy don't take it all so hard."

"But instead of an answer a more pitiful music was heard, the violin seemed to groan as if from oppression. It spoke words which could not be understood by any one but his mother and himself. And placing his violin tenderly on the table, he came toward his mother and burying his head in her lap he shed hot tears and sobbed pitifully.

And so passed his years of childhood with all its cares and woes. Dick now faced the world as a man. Though he did work hard in his childhood days, yet the victory with all its laurels in your manhood were sweet. Mrs. Doyle was no longer compelled to sit at her sewing, but knew the pleasures and leisure of life, for her son was now a well known person in social and in the business spheres. In social life he was regarded as a magician over a quaint looking violin and in business a shrewd, steady minded person gifted with great personality. Dick made well in life, has well provided for his now aged mother, a beautiful home, and two attendants to look after her welfare. Money was everything. The youths who had avoided him in his boyhood days were now his best and closest friends. On the broadway his name appeared as the great violinist. Mingling among different people he forgot about his mother, he no longer cared about her being. But it was now women—women. Phones kept him busy, he gave orders to florists and jewelers, engagements for tea, luncheons, theater parties and all different outings were kept. Other days he spent on hunting, polo playing, and yachting. In fact his life was now spent amid pleasures innumerable.

Mrs. Doyle now seldom had a chance to speak to her son. She was informed that Mr. Dick is not at home today. She only sighed and prayed that nothing evil befalls upon her son.

Money which freely came was thoughtlessly spent by him. However the watchful eye of the mother began to notice his downfall.

One morning as he was about to leave the house he was informed that his mother wished to speak to him. His face grew clouded, and scowled, he mumbled something and went up listlessly to his mother's sitting room. He knocked harshly and entered.

"Well, mom, what is it you wanted to say to me?" glancing at his watch he continued, "Please be fast about it because I have an important engagement to keep this morning.

His mother walked up to him and placing one of her hands upon his shoulder and with the other she petted his head. But he drew back with an annoyed look.

She was astonished to see her only son, Dickie, so frowning and actually bored. However, she braced up and said.

"Dick, it is enough of that bad life you are leading." A pause. "What do you mean mother?" he asked.

"I just mean what I say, of course, I don't intend to be harsh and rude with you, my boy, but please Dick be your own self. You are now such a spendthrift and indulge too much in pleasures of life and the way you are carrying on is—"

"Well, mother, I know what I am doing and I am sure that I don't need your guiding hand any more." Dick's eyes glared with anger, he snorted and burst out—"If you intend to rule me in my house please leave it immediately, and then I will be in peace. You reminding me how I am carrying on? How I am carrying on?" he laughed with mockery. "Now, at least, I won't have anybody to dictate to me."

He rushed out of the room with anger. He left his mother standing in the center of the room with a dazed expression on her sweet old face, and tears streaming down upon her already wrinkled cheeks.

What was she supposed to do now, to whom was she to tell her troubles, in whom should she confide? In fact to no one, she was commanded by her son—impossible, but it was true.

Dick went out to his favorite club, but peace of mind was not his, and he was restless and irritated. The company of the people he once craved to have, bored him now immensely. He wanted to get away from the crowd—no he did not want to go home—he wanted to think, all by himself, he wanted to be alone.

However, when he did get away from the crowd and rambled in the woods still his conscience did not give him peace. Something urged him to go home, kneel down at her feet and ask forgiveness, but pride, his better half screamed NO!!—he was lost. What shall be do? Which should he choose as the better way?

Dusk was beginning to gather, and he did not even think of going—where, home? He couldn't—to the club—no he detested it. He preferred to stay in the forest. Twilight—and then beautiful stars began to twinkle, birds chirping their last good-night to each other; a whip-poor-will's cry was heard in the trees somewhere. And then night spread her dark mantle, the breeze no longer fanned the earth, the crickets did not chirp, not a single leaf moved—only quiet and solitude reigned.

Dick wiped his face and pushed aside his damp locks from his forehead, he sighed and groaned, there was a battle going on in his heart, a terrible strife. He wanted to be his own judge—should he or shouldn't he go home? Yet, the better conquered him and he left the mystical palace behind.

A drab and penitent figure entered the hallway, on its face anguish, remorse and shamefulness showed, beckoning to one of the servants, he said:

"Please inform Mrs. Doyle that somebody wishes to speak to her."

"I am sorry, sir," he said, "but Mrs. Doyle has left, in the latter part of the afternoon."

"Did anybody escort her?" he said aghast.

"No sir, nobody, she did not want any of us to escort her." Dick thought hard for a moment.

"From her actions did you possibly get any idea where she could have gone?"

"Well, the only thing that did look queer was that she had a large suitcase, and a smaller bag besides. Her face expressed grief and sorrow."

Dick's eyes dilated, his chin began to quiver, and with a piercing cry he fled to the second landing and burst into his mother's sitting room, but she was not there, he looked around, no—not even a note of any kind was left by her, this thought stung him like a dagger.

The room was left in perfect order, there was no sign of hasty departure, maybe she went visiting? It was queer that she did not want anybody to accompany her. He hurriedly glanced over the drawers, and closets,—yes, surely, they did lack many things.

Thus broken at heart he sat down to think over his lot. Could his sweet loving mother desert him—could she? And then the morning scene passed vividly through his mind, and then the voice of his heart told him plainly. "Hadn't he told his mother to leave immediately, but she was always such an understanding soul—how could she misunderstand him now?

Yes, it was true, he saw, he realized that there are no friends, not even a hundred of them could take the place of the one that has left him now. Something told him to look for her, but where? She has not left a trace of herself, no circumstantial evidence. He was at a loss.

His friends so engrossed amid pleasures scoffed off the idea of worrying about somebody's mother. They did not care to share his loss with him, but each and every one avoided him, nor desired his company now because he was sad, listless, and morose.

Thus deserted by his friends who shared with him to spend the fortune of his lifetime, he gave himself up to fate.

The next day as the 10:15 P. M. train stopped at the West Brook depot, a lone figure alighted, summoning a taxi, she gave the address, 1535 North Elm Avenue. A twenty minute ride brought her to a large tenement house, which had a sign on the front doors "BOARDERS WANTED."

Mrs. Doyle was sitting in her room and sewing. Today is a memorable day for me, she thought, it is five years ago today when I was exiled from my home without money or friends. And compelled to stay at a strange boarding house, working and peddling without anybody's assistance. The thought that several years ago her son helped her in that same way, was painful and full of grief. Every night as a recreation she read the newspaper, it always held for her some interest. Today the following attracted her eye very much.

MR. DICK DOYLE THE WORLD'S FAMOUS VIOLINIST WILL PLAY IN THE NEW YORK AUDITORIUM, MAY 15—AT 8:00 P. M.

That's as far as she could read for the tears were now falling fast. She counted the days—only 20 of them—and hours—?

The day before the 15th was a great day of preparation, Mrs. Doyle left for New York City.

The New York Auditorium was crowded already at an early hour. The audience awaited the performance with impatience. As she was shown to her box, she looked at it with surprise, amazement, haughtiness and contempt. She fingered her program nervously, she felt ill, probably on account of her dress which was a little out of style when compared to others. But it mattered little, for she was to see in a few minutes—Dick—her boy. Her heart thrilled and throbbed with the thought of it. She was now growing impatient, but not merely to hear the concert, she was anxious to know what

the fifth and last number would be like. She gazed at it more scrupulously—"Mother of Mine"—the artist's own composition, dedicated to Mrs. L. D.

The concert had already progressed, the audience amazed and spellbound with the harmony he produced, no one even dared to move, or whisper, so as not to break the charm. The magnetic surroundings helped also. The hazy mellow darkness in front of him and the footlights fully turned upon him made him—so wonderful—as he stood in back of the dazzling, shimmering and sparkling, expensive hangings of the stage. To her, in other words, he was incomparable. With that Eden—The New York Auditorium—that music which brought out the charm still more and more.

The fifth and last number began. Mrs. Doyle sat in a trance, she was so mystified. She somewhat remembered the tune, it brought back memories—the melody now—yes, it was mingled with the sadness and happiness. She thought how sad he was, but the thought that he won't be so any more comforted her. It ended. And so did her thoughts, she was conscious now, that her Dick was greeted with a thunder of applause. Flowers and gifts were presented to him. The audience began to go out breathing out an air of entire satisfaction. Mrs. Doyle instead went to the back stage and asked one of the helping hands, to see Mr. Dick Doyle.

He was now amidst his friends and admirers, with congratulations showered upon him. But as he was informed that an elderly woman wished to see him the thought struck him funny—probably he thought—yes it was so—mother and son found themselves embracing each other.

"Mother," said Dick hoarsely.

"That's all right darling," she whispered.

END

TO ALMA MATER.

A. M. P.

(Can't) you tell me, dear,
(What will) come with the morrow?
Tell me dear!
Or do you fear
Or do you fear
To prophesy unwonted sorrow?

(Can't) you possibly tell me now
(Whether I'll) win the laurel crown?
(Do you) hear?
(Am) I near
To glory? — or will I in ruin drown?

(Why) won't you tell me today
(What for) me is intended?
(Can't you) say
(That) my way
Of toil may someday be ended?

(Someday) I wish my books to bury
(Say will) I ever lead? others teach?
(Will constant) worry,
(Daily) hurry,
My highest standards of attainment reach?

Won't I be
Ever free?
To do what I will in my own mode?
Wake up and look! Can't you see
I must go, to follow God's pointed road!

I'll take the path that is given me
However hard the climbing may be.
I know my desire, whate'er my end,
Guide me, Alma Mater true
With honor, I shall pay homage to you.

UP AGAINST IT

L. S.

Ellen Wilberforce ran down the steps at the club where she lived, just at the moment when a large and beautiful automobile of the latest design drew up at the curb, and stopped. She would have not paid any attention to it, but the chauffeur sprang from it, touched his cap with his hand and addressed her.

"I beg your pardon, are you Miss Wilberforce?"

"Yes, replied Ellen. What is it you want?" Ellen was in a great hurry to meet her friend, Alice, at the tennis court, so asked him to explain quickly what he wanted.

"Miss Vanloren sent me. I was asked to take you to her in her car."

"But! Miss Vanloren just phoned and told me she was leaving town. How can she want me to come to her?"

"I am sorry Miss, but that's what she told me. There has been a change in her plans."

"Alright, I will go. Are you to take me to her club or her home?"

"To North Washington Square," came the reply.

Finally Ellen entered the car. The door banged shut, the chauffeur returned to his place under the wheel, and the big car started northward headed for Washington Square. Ellen sitting in the car kept wondering why had Betty changed her plans. At last they reached the house. The butler opened the door, and Ellen seeing Betty in the drawing room ran quickly to her.

"Why, Betty! What is the matter? Tears? What has happened?"

"Oh, Ellen! My wonderful plans are all shattered. Look, read this letter. It is from some person whom I do not know."

Ellen read the letter. It stated that if Betty pays $25,000 immediately she would be saved from the hands of Birge Moreau and Louis Crewe, known as "The Master Crooks."

"Betty, I wouldn't mind such a letter, they might be nobody for all we know."

"No, no Ellen, that is the third letter I have received since last week. That is why I wanted to get away, but now I am afraid to leave my home. Please advise me what to do. You are my best friend. I haven't heard from my brother for the past six years. Do you see? I cannot turn to him for help."

"Betty, my friend, I promise you that I will help you. This letter was sent from New York. Quickly pack your things, we shall both leave for New York, and find out things we want to know."

The following day Betty and Ellen left for New York. Arriving in New York late and being tired, they went quickly to the nearest hotel, and arranged for a suitable suite.

Betty remembered about a friend in New York and thought she would go to see him about this. Luck was with them. Mr. Morrow was very glad to see the two girls. He explained that he knew such persons, but whether they lived in New York, he could not tell them.

Being out of Mr. Morrow's office, Ellen remembered that she left her bag on his desk. She asked Betty to go along with her. Coming close to his door, she heard quiet voices. Ellen being inquisitive listened attentively. She called Betty to her side.

Suddenly someone came from behind them, caught them by the arms, and pushed them into Mr. Morrow's office.

"Why, Miss Vanloren, what are you doing here? How can you spy on me like this?"

"I am sorry to have caused any misunderstanding, but Ellen came for her bag," replied Betty.

"Why Jack!, what are you doing in Mr. Morrow's office? Please explain," called Betty.

"There is nothing to explain," answered Jack. "I came to see Mr. Morrow about some business matters. Go your way, why did I ever see you again, you money grafter. Since you became very wealthy you do not care for your brother," said Jack. "Yes, father willed you all the money and left me without a red cent. But I thought of a chance of getting the money, even if I have to use force. You remember when I left home, I fell into bad company and had to stay with them until the end. Just lately I stole $50,000 from a certain bank. They are going after me now, and I thought I would get the money from you, at least half of the amount, and then pay it back to the bank. My name is Crewe, and he, calling himself Mr. Morrow to you is no other than Moreau. I wrote you those letters. If you will only give me $25,000 I will pay it back to you some day, if I get a chance."

"Jack, since I have found you, I will give you the full amount if you promise to come back and live with me, I will forgive you everything. Give the bank its money, and come home with me as soon as possible. I have missed you very much, you know it is so lonely there in the big house, with only the servants about."

"Do you really want me to come back? You still love your brother, for all he has done to you? After I return the money I will come home. I surely need a sister's care."

Betty and Ellen left the office of Mr. Morrow with tears in their eyes. The following day they both returned home.

A month later Betty received a letter from New York starting that her loving brother Jack was coming home to stay.

A great reception was prepared in his honor, on the day of his arrival. Betty was happy for the rest of her life.

AN ALARMING EVENT

A sudden noise shattered the silence with an insistence that would not be denied. The young girl—a pupil of H. F. A.,—who was in her bed, stirred sleepily. The noise continued—it settled down into a throbbing, agonizing wail.

The girl's body gave a sudden twitch. She stared wide-eyed into the darkness. Realizing what it was she jumped out of bed and sped to the little object on the other side of the room.

"The Baby! The Baby!" she cried, her arms outstretched. And seizing the "Baby" —her "Baby Ben"—she shut off the alarm and went back to sleep.

A. F. R.

MUSINGS OF AN AMATEUR POETESS

A. F. R.

If I had just been a poet born,
Well, then that fact, I would never mourn—
"For the Annual—I must compose,
Of such dry verse—and of silly prose!"

When my ideas become so stale—
And in originality—fail! !
Then so terribly I do behave,
And I carry on so—and I rave.

Why am I not like Mr. Longfellow,
Who wrote of thoughts and words so mellow,
Or like that queer, "Johnnie Milton" guy
(Even tho' I think he is too dry.)

But since my lot—it will not change
Of course my mind—I will not derange.
Trying, of myself a poet make,
To become famous—and take the cake.

At H. F. A.

Where are the girls the prettiest?
At Holy Family.
Where are the girls the wittiest?
At Holy Family.
Where do the pupils make classes hum?
What school is on the boom—and some?
Where do the wise ones always come?
To Holy Family.
What school is talked about around?
Holy Family.
What school is noted for the way
It booms ahead from day to day?
"Holy Family."

Stephanie Jekot,
Com'l Senior, '28.

WE COMMERCIAL SENIORS
OF

Adamowska EstHer
GdOwska Rose
Bart PearL
KrzYminska Lorraine

Blazejewska Frances
ChmielewskA Lillian
ZaczekMarie
Janow I ak Florence
Marchewka FLorence
Lepianka EmilY

Jawor WandA
KosabuCka Sophia
Jekot StephAnie
TaDla Catherine
Krol HelEn
Marek Helen
KrolewczYk Harriet

Le FeBvre Beatrice
Moll Mar I e
TrafiDlo Anna

MytYs Bernice
OdachOwska Eugenia
MusUr Josephine

NowickA Helen
Polski Lucille
Soska Lillian

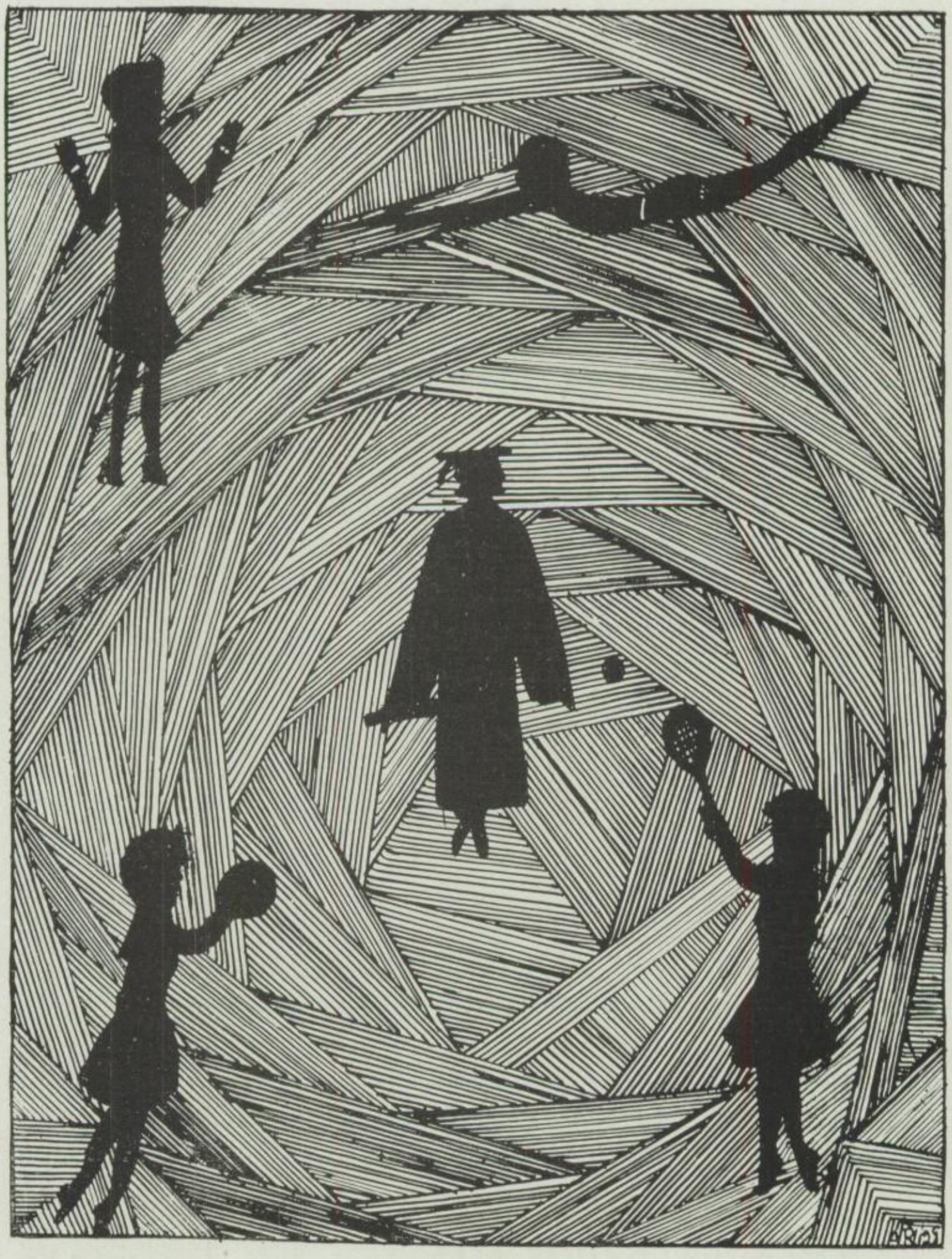
Turlo LilliAn

Fugiel Stella
SiejA Jeanette
Wacek MaRie
Wiech StElla
Weglarz Julia
Trella StElla
Zaczek CaroLine
Zienciak HeLen

Zielinska LuCy
Zapala SteLla
WojciechowskA Sophia
Zwierzychowska Stephanie
Szymura Genevieve

of '28.

Julia M. Weglarz.



ACTIVITIES

ATHLETICS

Cooperation on the part of the entire High School Body in the scholastic year 1927-1928 had made both the swimming and gymnasium classes successful. Never before had the students worked so patiently or with more enthusiasm. Those athletically inclined encouraged the others so forcefully to acquire an interest in physical training, that now most of the girls participate in some athletic sport.

Swimming

The swimming classes, conducted by Miss Bernice Rice, revealed their accomplishments during a Swimming Meet held at the Holy Family Academy on February 19, 1928. This was the Formal Opening of the Holy Family Academy Natatorium. A large audience assembled and was not disappointed with the daring feats and agility of the exhibitors.

Swimmers from the Illinois Women's Athletic Club performed an exhibition that made the audience applaud with enthusiasm. The following girls took part in it: Mary Lou Quinn, Helen Mae Quinn, Violet Martin, Dagny Van Maarth, Emma Shemaitis, Emily Daves and Evelyn Kennedy.

Then the class teams competed against the evening Class, conducted by Miss Helen Froelke. The interclass competition was very exciting and each class tried its utmost to come out victorious,—the Senior Team scoring the highest.

This tournament, though the first of its kind in the history of the school, made the public confident that future tournaments will be even more entertaining as the students' progress in learning the intricacies of the art of swimming.

The following girls took part in the interclass competition: Lucille Busse, captain of Senior Swimming Team, Lillian Czwalinska, Priscilla Scibiorska, Mildred Kleczewska, Olga Ulanowska, Adeline Preyss; Alice Plachecka, captain of Junior Swimming Team, Adeline Domek, Helen Rybakowicz, Helen Pisanko, Eleonore Przybylo; Lucy Mazurek, captain of Freshmen Swimming Team, Zenobia Staskiewicz, Helen Lenard, Stephanie Kramarczyk, Lillian Kosiba and Sabina Maksymiak.

Gymnastics

Gymnasium Classes, this year are showing marked improvement. Under the direction of Miss Buelah Muehlhausen, the girls are developing a fondness for all gymnastics, finding pleasure in the most strenuous exercises and most difficult games. Never was the Volley Ball more popular at the H. F. A. Each class has a team and each team is just as ambitious as the other. Through the entire High School, the efforts of hard work are significant. All volley ball games are played according to schedule, made by our gymnasium teacher, Miss Buelah Muehlhausen. Each class team has an opportunity to play against each of the four teams. These games are awaited with great impatience and are exciting to all, both players and audience from different classes. Each class has also an occasion to play against the Pulaski Park Junior Team.

The Volley Ball Champions this year are the *Juniors*. They were victorious in all the interclass games and the winning laurels go to them. Three years of hard work have made them the strongest and most capable team in the school. Judging by the large eager audience that witnessed all their games, theirs are the most interesting . . . . *Congratulations Juniors! Keep it up!*

Most important of all games this season was the one played on the evening of pril 4, 1928, when the H. F. A. School Team opposed the H. F. A. Alumnae. The game proved more enthusiastic than was expected and at the end of the most exciting game yet played,—the—School Team won. Score 50-41.

V. B. R.

CHAMPIONS '28.

Top row (from left to right) Alfreda Żukowska — Cecilia Budzban — Helen Pisanko, sub.
Middle row (from left to right) Melane Ptaszek — Helen Rybakowicz, Captain — Sophie Kozimińska.
Bottom row (from left to right) Alice Plachecka — Mary Danisch.
Absent: Bernice Baran, sub.

CALENDAR

Do not allow the newspapers to get this. It is personal, belonging to H. F. A.

Sept. 3-4-5. — Registration — many new pupils.
Sept. 6. — First day of School — a great amount of timidity.
Sept. 7. — Free day — reminder of vacation.
Sept. 8. — Solemn High Mass — resolutions to do good work.
Sept. 9. — First day of school-work — seemed queer. do.
Sept. 15. — Initiation of the Freshmen — do they remember? We do.

Oct. 12. — Columbus Day — semi-free day.
Oct. 30. — Hallowe'en — everybody knows what that is.

Nov. 1. — All Saints Day — Holy Day.
Nov. 10. — Bishop Salome-Egyptian — told us all about the places he was at.
Nov. 11. — Armistice Day — Celebration with a free day.
Nov. 24. — Thanksgiving Day — quite a bit of turkey.
Nov. 27-30-Dec. 4. — Bazaar — successful — lovely booths.
Nov. 28. — Instructions resumed after Thanksgiving.

Dec. 8. — Immaculate Conception — Holy Day.
Dec. 19. — Seventh Grade Program — certainly enjoyed it.
Dec. 23. — Christmas recess began — rather a relief.
Dec. 25. — Christmas Day — must have been good children for Santa Claus came.

Jan. 1. — New Year's Day.
Jan. 3. — Back to School and school-work — resolved to start the New Year correctly.
Jan. 5. — Annual visit to Des Plaines. Oh! What a time!
Jan. 28. — Semi-annual examinations — who is the inventor of them?
Jan. 30. — Examinations ended — thank heavens!

Feb. 2. — Ground-hog Day. "We lost the game with the Juniors. Too bad".
Feb. 9. — Eight Grade Program — We certainly enjoyed it.
Feb. 12. — Lincoln's Birthday — why are great men born on holidays?
Feb. 14. — 1928 — St. Valentine's Day — remember the little red hearts?
Feb. 19. — Swimming Meet — it certainly beat all.
Feb. 20. — Seniors received rings — what an honor! the Rev. Bishop Dubowski of Poland put them on the girls' fingers.

SENIORS'
1928
VOLLEY
BALL TEAM
CAPTAIN
PS

Feb. 20. — Evening -Mass — Program in Memory of the Archbishop Cieplak. — Seniors helped there.
Feb. 21. — Seniors' "Pączki Party".
Feb. 22. — Washington's Birthday — Free Day.
Feb. 26. — Polish Contest under Sr. M. Basilla's direction.

Mar. 12. — Sophomore Program in our Honor. Wonderful! The pendants were lovely!
Mar. 15. — Lecture on the Philippine Islands. Very interesting.
Mar. 19. — St. Joseph's Day — Holy Day.
Mar. 20. — Holy Trinity School Program — Drama of the life of St. Stanislaus Kostka. Very fine Acting.
Mar. 29. — Recital — Piano-Vocal — Violin-Beginners and Intermediates. Well done!

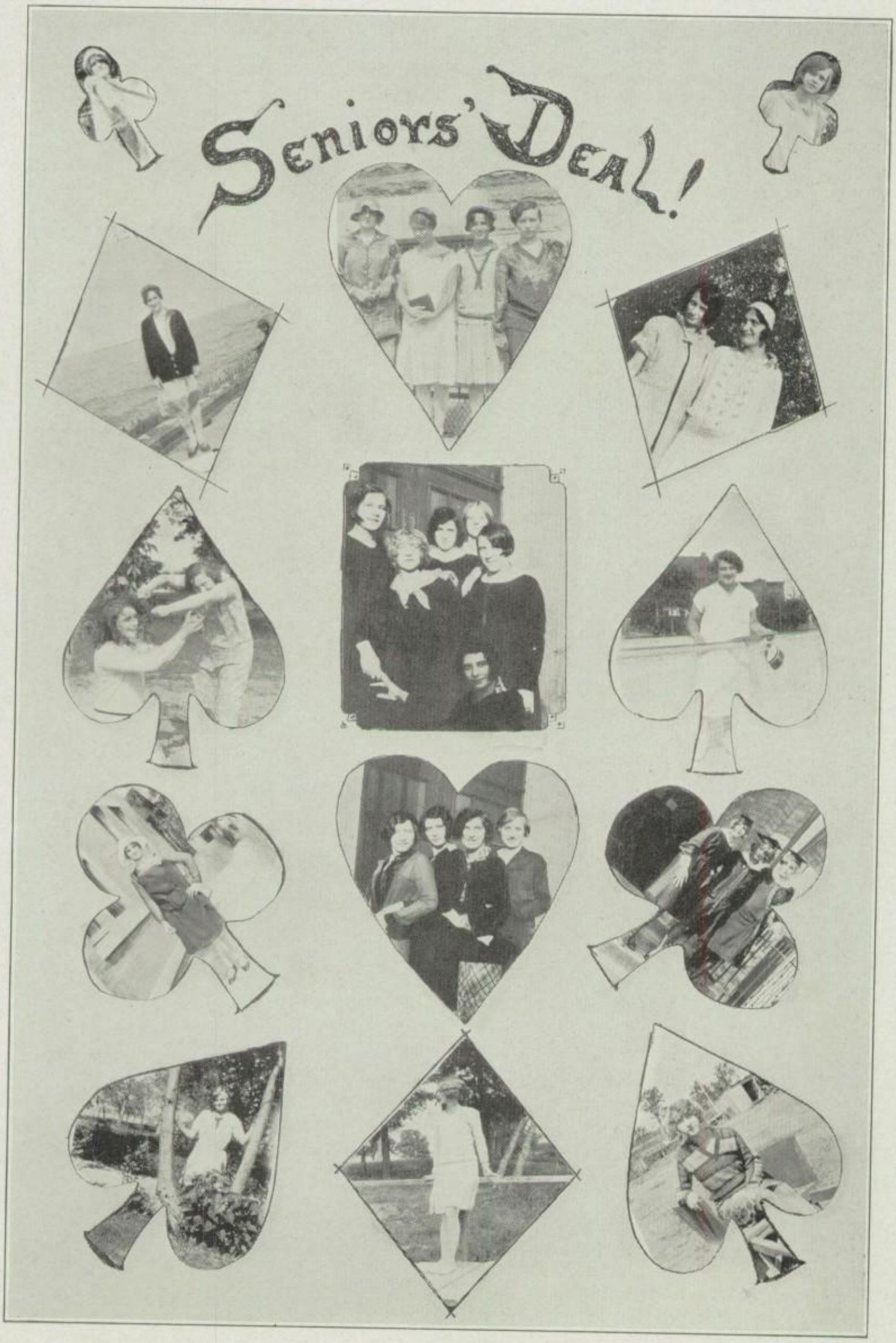
Apr. 1. — Advanced Pupils' Recital — Piano — Vocal-Violin. Excellent work!
Apr. 2.-3.-4 — Annual Retreat — Three days of Silence.
Apr. 4. — Evening — Alumnae vs. School Team-Volley Ball. A great deal of excitement!
Apr. 5. — Mass after which Easter recess began.
Apr. 11. — Easter recess over — back to work.
Apr. 15. — Sacred Concert — Something unexcelled! Wonderful!
Apr. 19. — Freshies' Movies-Novelty — we certainly appreciated the "Fire Brigade" and the comedy.
Apr. 30. — Juniors' Program-in our honor — we were immensely pleased.

May 1. — Ben Hur — flashed on the School Screen!
May 4. — Tag Day. — Great success!
May 6. — Swimming Meet — More wonderful than the first.
May 10. — Bunco and Card Benefit sponsored by the Seniors '28. Fine!
May 20. — Nurses' Graduation — rather solemn.
May 24. — Freshies' Spread for us. Delicious! yum..yum..
May 26. — Swimming Meet — getting better and better.
May 27. — Commercial Classes Graduate.
May 28. — Reception of Sodalists — Pentecost Monday.
May 30. — Memorial Day.
May 31. — Banquet.

June 3. — Class Day — were we nervous?
June 10. — Grammar School Graduation.
June 17. — Our Commencement — the Crowning Point!
June 18. — Day after Graduation — lost what to do?????

What you are is what you are. What you are going to be is what you are going to make yourself. If some one helps you in the job of making yourself perhaps it will be a better job than if you have to do it unaided, but the best that anyone else can do is to help you do the job. You personally must do it.

A. T. P.


Seniors' Deal!

MISCELLANEOUS

SENIORS' INFORMATION BUREAU

Name	*Appearance*	*Hobby*	*Destiny*
Adeline	Herculean	Music	Virtuoso
Ann R.	Collegiate	Cartooning	Commercial Art
Anna	Scientific	Experiments	Surgeon
Annette	Studious	Homework	Secretary
Charlotte	Dignified	Business	Chain Restaurant
Clothilde	Jolly	Singing	Grand Opera
Estelle	Childish	Shorthand	Stenographer
Harriet J.	Healthy	Ghost Stories	Accountant
Jeanette	Charming	French	Private Secretary
Harriet Z.	Fussy	News	Journalism
Katharine	Sweet	Reading	Teacher
Lillian	Dashing	Athletics	Physical Culture
Louise	Reserved	Arguing	Medicine
Lucille	Artistic	Talking	Lawyer
Mildred	Docile	Silence	Pharmacist
Olga	Calm	Polish	Dramatic Art Stage
Priscilla	Flapperish	Sarcasm	Pharmacy
Victoria	Striking	Teasing	Real Estate and Bonds

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Jeanette	Lovable and good	Jean
Olga	Holy	Ollie
Priscilla	Ancient; dutiful and neat	Prissie
Louise	Yielding	Lou
Annette	Elfish and exquisite	Anna
Lucille	Intellectual, witty	Lulu
Harriet Z.	Chief of the house	Etta
Victoria	Contest winner	Vicky
Harriet J.	Home ruler	Hats
Ann R.	Graceful	Ann
Clothilde	Maiden of battles	Clodg
Estelle	A star	Baby
Lillian	Fair, lily	Lilac
Adeline	Cheerful	Ads.
Charlotte	Forceful	Charley
Kathryn	Vivacious	Kats
Mildred	Mild speaker	Millie
Anna K.	Full of graces	Nina

Ref.—Collier's Dictionary—"A History of Christian Names" (C. M. Yonge.)

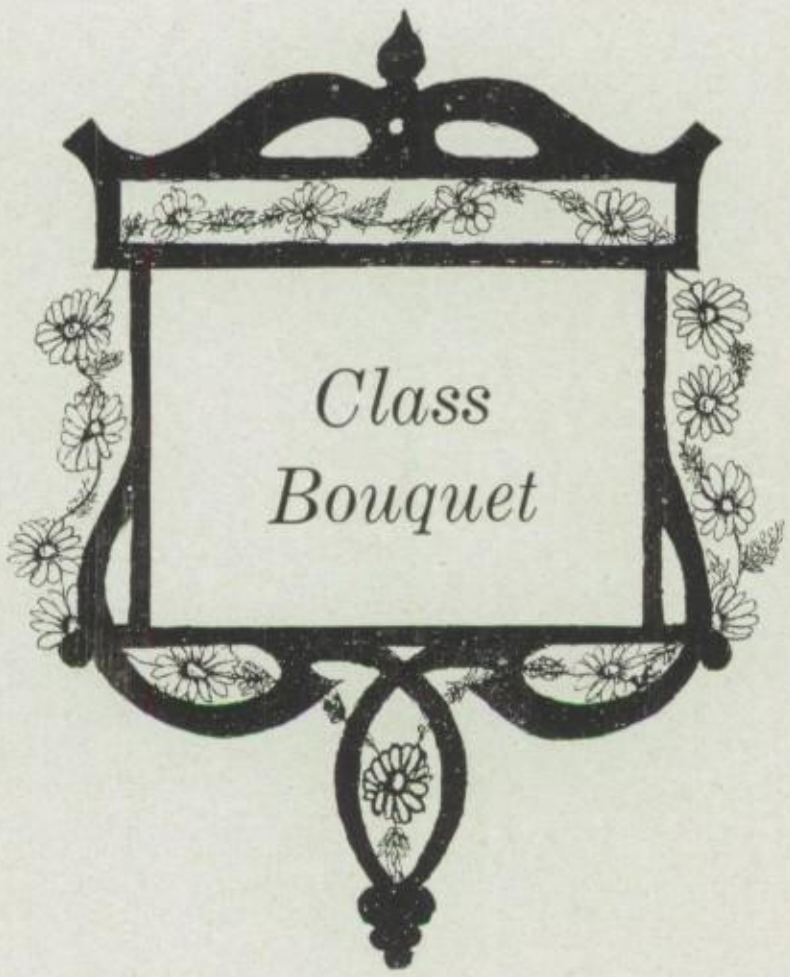
A. K.

A SOLLILOQUY

Did you ever sit out of the Class when you came in late? I did, until the first period passed. Here are my thoughts:

"Should I or should I not,—
Ask to enter the room again?
Is it better to sit where I am sitting—
Or to try to force myself into the classroom
Using words not strength?
Is it nobler to keep your tongue behind the teeth
Or argue word for word?
Silence pays—here inside of four walls I sit,
Alone, forsaken, but satisfied that
I did not quarrel with anyone.

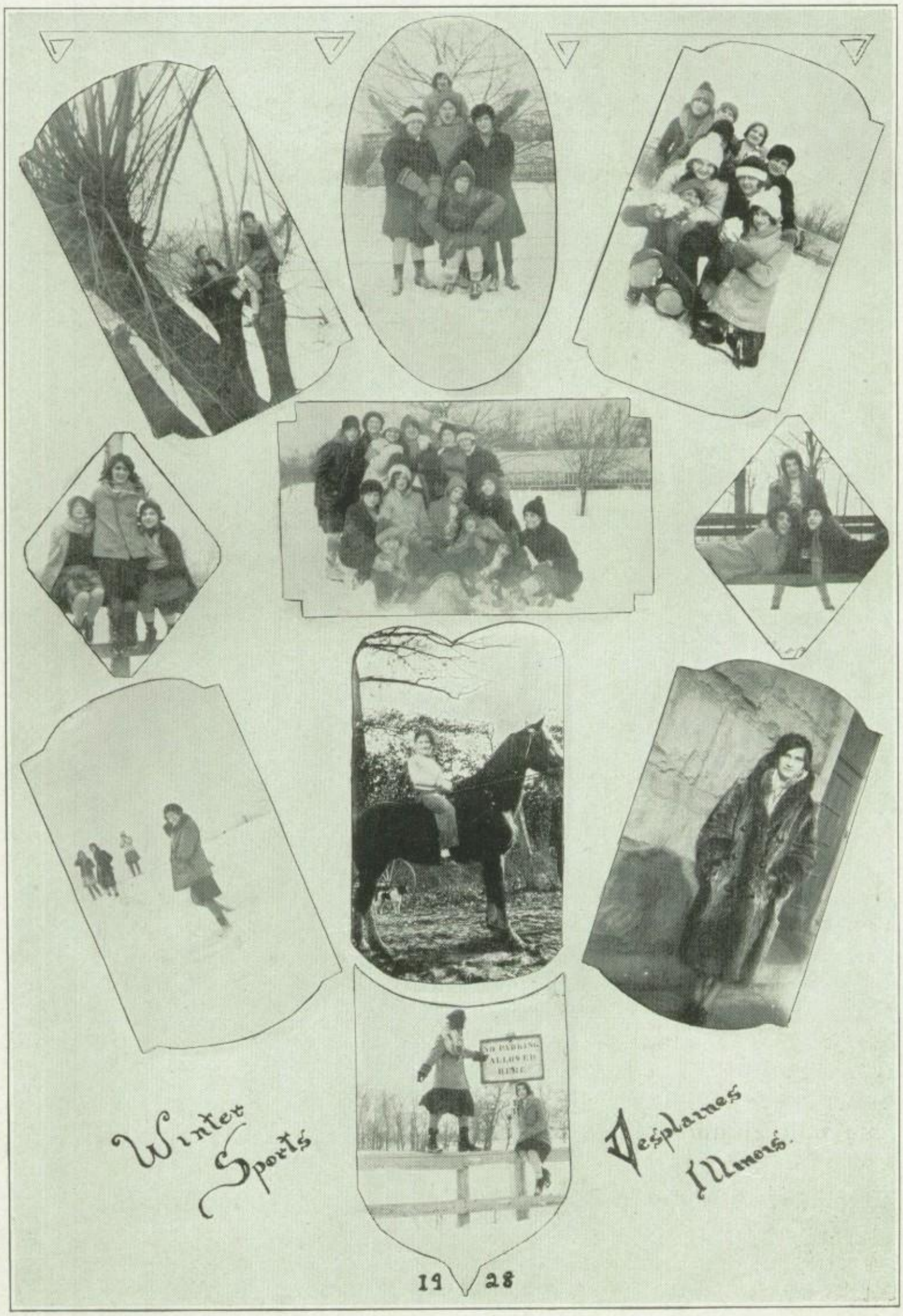
C. C. G., '28.



CLASS BOUQUET.

Daisy — Simplicity ..... *Class of '28.*
Water Lily — The secret of those lashes ..... *Lucille.*
Violet — As tiny as one ..... *Estelle.*
Astor — A late flower ..... *Charlotte.*
Forget-me-not — Who will? ..... *Kathryn.*
Geranium — A sturdy plant ..... *Harriet J.*
Pansy — Delicate ..... *Jeanette.*
Orange Blossoms — ???? Wisconsin ???? ..... *Mildred.*
Red Pepper Bloom — Hot ..... *Anna K.*
Sweet Pea — She can sing sweetly as high P ..... *Clothilde.*
Sun-Flower — Sunny bright ..... *Annette.*
Chrysanthemum — In size ..... *Adeline.*
Orchid — Very rare ..... *Ann R.*
Buttercup — Head full of golden petals ..... *Victoria.*
Bleeding Heart — ???????? ..... *Priscilla.*
Morning-Glory — In school earliest ..... *Louise.*
Iris — Frail ..... *Olga.*
Hyacinth — High ..... *Harriet Z.*

L. A. C.


Winter Sports
Desplaines Illinois.
1928

SENIORS' SONG SHOP

"He's the Last Word" ..... Lucille B.
"Sing Me a Baby Song" ..... Estelle C.
"Peg o' My Heart" ..... Lillian C.
"It's Never Too Late to be Sorry" ..... Charlotte G.
"Katydid" ..... Kathryn G.
"Among My Souvenirs" ..... Harriet J.
"Where'd You Get Those Eyes?" ..... Jeanette K.
"Turkish Towel" ..... Anna K.
"Precious" ..... Clothilde L.
"Somewhere a Voice Is Calling" ..... Ann R.
"Sunshine" ..... Victoria R.
"C'est Vous" ..... Annette P.
"Sweet Adeline" ..... Adeline P.
"Coquette" ..... Priscilla S.
"Your Eyes Have Told Me So" ..... Louise S.
"In a Little Spanish Town" ..... Harriette Z.
"Pal o'Mine ..... Olga U.

M. L. K.

SIXTY-NINE CENTS A POUND

Lucille B. ..... Bitter Creams
Estelle C. ..... Peppermints
Lillian C. ..... Maraschino Cherries
Charlotte G. ..... Peaks
Kathryn G. ..... Sweet Girl Drops
Harriet J. ..... Marsipan
Jeanette K. ..... Lime Drops
Mildred K. ..... Bungalow Sweets
Anna Kutza ..... Marshmallow
Clothilde L. ..... Kisses
Annette P. ..... French Fudge
Adeline P. ..... Chicken Bones
Victoria R. ..... Ma'teser
Ann R. ..... Red Grange
Priscilla S. ..... Pecan Croquettes
Olga U. ..... Fannie May
Harriet Z. ..... Taffy

L. S.

H. F. A. LIBRARY

Our Books Are:

Peter Pan ..... Clothilde
Daddy Long Legs ..... Charlotte
Penrod ..... Priscilla
Honey Lou ..... Louise
Music Master ..... Adeline
Miss Lulu Bett ..... Lucille
The Little French Girl ..... Jeanette
Amarilis ..... Lillian
Gentle Julia ..... Olga
Wisdom's Daughter ..... Annette
The Mystery Lady ..... Anna
Seventeen ..... Harriet
Sandy ..... Anne
The Good Bad Girl ..... Katherine
Nize Baby ..... Estelle
Miss Billy ..... Mildred
Her Father's Daughter ..... Victoria

SEASONS OF THE YEAR

SPRING

The snow is melting on the ground,
Birds are seen here and there
Blades of grass are springing up,
Buds are seen everywhere.

SUMMER

Warm days enter—cold is gone
Everyone's happy—not a care
Swimming, dancing, so much fun
People are joyful everywhere.

AUTUMN

Autumn winds are blowing hard
Leaves are turning red and brown
Winter's coming nearer, nearer
All the birds are leaving town.

WINTER

Cold days come—snow has fallen
Frost on everything you see
Skating, sleighing, joys of cold
Winter sports for you and me.

C. C. G., '28

PLASTIC CLAY

I idly fashioned one day
A little piece of plastic clay,
It yielded to my will—for
It was soft, and I molded more.

I came, when days were passed
That formed clay was hard at last,
The shape I gave it, it had still
It would not yield to my will.

I took a piece of living clay
And gently formed it day by day
I moulded, shaped, to do my part
The little child's soul and heart.

I came, when many years were gone,
A full-grown man I looked upon
The early impress he still bore
And I could change it nevermore.

And so—living and plastic clay—
As fashioned so they stay—
Do the best to mold them well—
The results—the years will tell.

C. C. G., '28.

OUR IDEAL STUDENT SHOULD HAVE:

Jeanette's walk,
Clothilde's voice,
Lillian's neatness,
Adeline's musical talent,
Priscilla's humor,
Victoria's stature,
Louise's curls,
Lucille's smile,
Annette's diligence,
Olga's congeniality,
Harriet's sensibility,
Anne's athletic spirit,
Estelle's disposition
Charlotte's quietness,
Mildred's manners,
Anna's pep,
Katherine's teeth.

H. M. Z.

OUR VERSION OF SHAKESPEARE

Romeo and Juliet	Day Dreams
Midsummer Night's Dream	No Home Work
Much Ado About Nothing	Physics Note Book
Winter's Tale	Des Plaines Outing
Taming of the Shrew	Tardy Marks
Love's Labor Lost	Rejected Manuscripts
As You Like It	No School
Comedy of Errors	French Translation
Measure for Measure	English Themes
The Merchant of Venice	Class Treasurer
Twelfth Night	Cramming Exams
The Tempest	The Exams
All's Well That Ends Well	Graduation

A. F. R.

"THE BIG PARADE"
A. F. R.

The Ten Commandments.....Lucille Busse
That's Our Baby......"Baby" Cwiklinska
The Fair Co-ed.....Lillian Czwalinska
The Patent Leather Kid.....Kathryn Grzeskowiak
The Unknown .....Charlotte Gewartowska
Fast and Furious.....Harriet Juzonis
My Best Girl.....Mildred Kleczewska
Wisecracker .....Anna Kutza
She's a Sheik.....Jeannette Karwasinska
Naughty, But Nice.....Clothilde Lewandowska
Swim Girl, Swim.....Priscilla Scibiorski
What Price Glory!.....Adeline Preyss
The Beloved Rogue.....Victoria Rybakowicz
The Girl From Chicago.....Louise Skarbek
Seventh Heaven .....Annette Poskoczym
Dress Parade .....Olga Ulanowska
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.....Harriet Zielinska
"THE CROWD".....Seniors of 1928!

"THE NEWSSTAND"

College Humor .....Clothilde Lewandoswka
Modern Priscilla .....Priscilla Scibiorska
Current Events .....Harriet Zielinska
Child Life .....Baby" Czwiklinska
Smart Set .....Jeannette Karwasinska
Physical Culture .....Victoria Rybakowicz
Literary Digest .....Charlotte Gerwatowska
Romance .....Mildred Kleczewska
Photo Play .....Lucille Busse
Vogue .....Olga Ulanowska
Snappy Stories .....Kathryn Grzeskowiak
French Stories .....Annette Poskoczym
The Experimentor .....Anna Kutza
Youth's Companion .....Lillian Czwalinska
School Mate .....Harriet Juzonis
The Musical Courier.....Adeline Proyss
Home Journal .....Louise Skarbek
Harper's Weekly .....Teachers
Liberty .....Graduation
A. F. R.

"POSING FOR LOCAL ADVERTISEMENTS"

"Blondex" .....Lilac
How I Became Popular Overnight.....Harriet Z.
"Blatz" Chewing Gum.....Cleo
Pepsodent Tooth Paste.....Lucille
"Smith Brothers" Cough Drops.....Milly
Free—Beauty Advice.....Vicky
Fat Offer! Get Slim!.....Anna K.
Mulsified Cocoanut Oil.....Louise
Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion.....Adeline
"FRENCH" in Ten Lessons!.....Annette
Play Piano—in 90 Days!.....Priscilla
Standard Dictionary .....Charley
Have Lovely Eyes.....Jeanne
Get! What You Want.....Catherine
Keep That Baby Size!....."Baby"
Say It With Flowers.....Harriet J.
How to Leave Your Hair Grow Out—Gracefully.....Olga
A. F. R.

COMMERCIAL SENIORS.

Top row (from left to right) Florence Janowiak — Lillian Chmielewska — Helen Nowicka — Marie Moll — Florence Marchewka — Stella Zapala — Rose Gdowska — Pearl Bart — Lucille Polski — Bernice Mytyś — Stella Wiech — Helen Zienciak — Emily Lepianka.

2nd row (from left to right) Stephanie Zwierzychowska — Stella Trela — Helen Krol — Frances Błażejewska — Sophie Kosobucka — Julia Węglarz — Beatrice LeFebvre — Sophie Wojciechowska — Marie Zaczek — Josephine Musur, — Lucy Zielińska — Jeannette Sieja — Lillian Turlo.

3rd row (from left to right) Marie Wacek — Catherine Tadla — Anna Trafidło — ło — Wanda Jawor — Stella Fugiel — Lillian Soska — Genevieve Szymura — Esther Adamowska — Harriet Krolewczyk — Eugenia Odachowska — Stephanie Jękot.

4th row (from left to right) Caroline Zaczek — Helen Marek — Lorraine Krzyminska.

FAREWELL

"Farewell! how oft that sound of sadness,
Like thorns of sorrow, pierce the heart,
And hush the harp tones of its gladness,
And tear the bleeding chords apart.
Farewell! and if by distance parted
We see each other's face no more,
Ah! may we with the faithful-hearted
Meet beyond the parting shore.

FAREWELL! What a wondrous yet sorrowful word it is, which is used when bidding Good-bye to loved ones. Ah, in truth, for our loving hearts, this word is like a dagger-stroke; it kills when it is deeply felt. Yet we, the Commercial Class of '23 must say it not only to our dear school-mates and loving classmates but to those that we hold most dear, to all our good and loving Sisters. Therefore, we stand trembling in the threshhold of a new life. How often have we yearned for this time during our school days. We have looked forward to our graduation with much anticipation. But now that the hour of departure is near, we falter—it would be easier for us to make all sacrifices, impose on ourselves every privation than to say "Farewell" which shall separate us forever from the happy and secluded life we have led under the guidance of dear ALMA MATER. But nevertheless the word "ADIEU" must be uttered by everyone at some period of his or her life,

For us, the time is swiftly passing by,
When we must bid all adieu;
We know not when we meet again,
So, these lines, we leave to you.

Com'l Seniors, '28.

CLASS POEM

We've never realized till now just what our school lives meant,
How filled with joy and friendship were the happy days we've spent,
And this must end! Oh! how the thought brings overwhelming pain,
To know that we must part, perhaps never to meet again.

We're leaving friends, H. F. A., and the things we hold most dear,
We're leaving those we've learned to love and those who to our sorrows would lent their ear
We're leaving those who have shared with us sorrow, joy and pleasure,
And taking only memories that we'll forever treasure.

But everything must end sometime so let's back up and smile
What ever we're going to do in life, let's make it worth our while;
The old school life is ending, but a new one will begin,
Remember, everyone of us is going to win.

We're going out to show the world that we've learned not in vain,
We won't be downed by failure, we'll just start right in again,
We'll climb the ladder step by step until we've reached the top,
And after we've attained success, we'll go on, we won't stop.

We'll make new friends and think new thoughts as the long years pass us by
But the memory of our friends at *school* can never fade or die.
So let us take a moment as we ever onward strive with faith
To call to our mind old H. F. A., and the class of '28.

Pearl Bart, '28.

FIRST YEAR COMMERCIAL

Top row (from left to right) L. Kinowska — I. Wojtczak — J. Dzwonkiewicz — E. Gucwa — I. Piasecka — S. Bronska — J. Pecora — E. Szramkowska — M. Gucwa — S. Wlezien — M. Marcinek — H. Wykpisz.
Middle row (from left to right) R. Ullmann — M. Sierminska — F. Sykta — H. Tutak — J. Skora — E. Macherzynska — W. Rzadca — M. Drogosz — M. Wielgus.
Bottom row (from left to right) M. Curylo — M. Zdanowska — F. Penkala.

THE WHITE CARNATION

Within the realm of pretty flowers
Carnation is the sweetest you see.
It stands for love of every one
An emblem of humility.

From these all so pure and white petals
Like from Life's Chalice exciding love,
Comes sweet perfume that's offered
As incense to God above.

It is so small, so very beautiful!
Inspiring in its simplicity!
This perfect work of Mother Nature
Is the symbol of modesty.

So this year Seniors agreed to choose
This simple beauty and none other
To be the symbol of the Business Class
The flower, typifying Mother.

Esther Adamowska.

THE COMMERCIAL SENIORS' LAST WILL

We, the Commercial Class of '28, of the Holy Family Academy, of the City of Chicago, in the County of Cook, and the State of Illinois, being of sound mind and memory do make our last Will and Testament in the following manner:

1. We give and bequeath to the Commercial Juniors our bright and cozy class-room. Room 304, 3rd floor.
2. Including all forty desks. May they always be kept in order.
3. Our set of files. May they always be indexed correctly.
4. The pencil sharpener. Please see to it that its contents will be emptied daily.
5. Our large beautiful fern. See that it may never go dry and let no one dare to disturb its stems.
6. Our large windows which give an excellent view of the High School across the street. May you never be caught looking out of them.
7. The Bookkeeping Room 303, with whatever it contains. Ink Eradicators will be collected and placed in the third aisle, last desk. You are entirely welcome to use them. BUT BEWARE.

We also give and bequeath the following talents to be appropriately distributed:
Esther Adamowska's winning smile.
Marie Moll's refinement.
Beatrice LeFebvre's artistic ability.
Stephanie Jekot's "natural" curly hair.
Emily Lepianka's saintly qualities. (?)
Bernice Mytys' neatness. (?)
Jeannette Sieja's ability to wear stiff collars and cuffs. (?)
Lillian Chmielewska's speed. (?)
Marie Zaczek's day dreams during study period.
Pearl Bart's ability to teach the girls all the latest steps.
Lillian Turlo's sense of humor.
Stella Fugiel's giggles during Shorthand.
Rose Gdowska's ability of growing her hair.
Julia Weglarz's ability for coming early. (?)
Stella Wiech's patience.
Stephanie Zwierzychowska's frankness in giving her opinions.
Helen Nowicka's ability for losing her place in reading Shorthand.
Josephine Musur's good-heartedness.
Sophie Wojciechowska's good excuse of going home early.
Florence Marchewka's liking for bookkeeping.
Marie Wacek's and Florence Janowiak's ambitions to be actresses.
Stella Zapala's ambition to become a gym teacher.
Helen Marek's tall stature. (?)

Stella Trela's modesty.
Helen Krol's good conduct.
Wanda Jawor's ability to keep order.
Eugenia Odachowska's friendliness.
Sophie Kosabucka's quietness. (?)
Kathryn Tadla's timidity.
Frances Blazejewska's carefulness.
Lucille Polski's ability to tease.
Genevieve Szymura's ability in playing volley-ball.
Caroline Zaczek's talkativeness. (?)
Harriet Krolewczyk's bashfulness.
Anna Trafidlo's and Lucy Zielinska's ambitions to become opera singers.
Helen Zienciak's politeness.

We hereby appoint Miss ..... executrix, to direct and empower her to enforce said provisions as it may, in her judgment, seem most advantageous.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, WE, THE COMMERCIAL CLASS OF '28, have to this our Last Will and Testament, set our hands and seals this twenty-seventh day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand and nine hundred twenty-eight.

(SEAL)

COMMERCIAL CLASS '28.
Per Lillian Soska.

This instrument was signed, sealed, and delivered by the above testators, Commercial Class '28, as and for their last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, who have hereunto subscribed our names at their request as witness hereto, in the presence of said testators and each other.

TO MY CLASSMATES

Remember, my dear classmates, that just now you are about to start out in business life; therefore, do not depend upon others in making your life a success, but be an architect, a builder of your own future; rely upon your own strength of mind and body.

You have intended to become business women, haven't you? Therefore, select some specialty for your life's work and when once you have decided, throw into it all the energy in your power. Remember that stick-to-it-ive-ness will insure you wealth and a high position.

Let your motto be Industry, Honesty and Economy and inscribe on your banner these words, "What others can do, I can do!"

Cultivate pluck—pluck to think, to plan and to originate, to take risks, to push, to toil and to win—and success will surely crown your efforts.

Emily Lepianka,
Com'l Senior, '28.

"I MUST"

In the Commercial Dept.,
You must have a care,
For it's one business here,
And another business there.
If it is not bookkeeping
It's typewriting, you must know.
And also in speedy shorthand,
We all must have our show.
When writing business letters,
In Good English we must place our trust,
And keep on striving, and bear in mind,
The watchword, "I MUST."

Esther Adamowska,
Com'l, 28.

Top row (from left to right) Eleanor Soch — Emily Jakubczyk — Cecilia Woloszyn — Sophie Roskosz — Rose Gapinska — Josephine Korman — Eleanor Wojtkielewicz — Alice Rudnik — Emily Markiewicz — Victoria Stanisławska — Helen Priebe — Catherine Serafinska — Jane Rogowska.

2nd row (from left to right) Marion Wierzbicka Gertrude Schmidt — Helen Czajkowska — Lucille Gorska — Alice Borowinska — Pearl Sierminska — Caroline Tenerowicz — Lottie Duda — Harriet Pawelkiewicz — Marie Kuta — Marie Linkiewicz.

3rd row (from left to right) Emily Dzingiel — Mildred Cwik — Helen Krzeminska — Sophie Lukaszewska — Sophie Wojtalewicz.

CLASS RING

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the beautiful ring we chose this year;
A golden circlet all filled with black
With H.F.A. right on its back.
The most beautiful ring of all the years,
So why not give it three rousing cheers?
Hurrah, Ring of Class '28.

Marie Zaczek, '28.

A SENIOR'S TROUBLE

ENGLISH ..... Twists around the tongue.
BOOKKEEPING ..... Makes one dizzy.
SHORTHAND ..... Weakens the eyes.
TYPEWRITING ..... Wears out the fingers.
COM'L LAW ..... Gives a headache.

Lillian Turlo, '28.

SIX THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED:

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the places you can,
By all the means you can,
At all the times you can,
And as long as you can.

Beatrice Le Febvre.

THE H. F. A. GIRL

There is something just a little different about her which makes people respect her and by which she can be distinguished from girls who do not attend a convent school. This difference is a pure and beautiful character, the formation of which the noble example and sublime virtues of her religious teachers have greatly influenced.

She had learned the beauty of respect and obedience to authority and never fails to carry out their commands and wishes. Humility characterizes her actions. Punctuality and neatness are very noticeable traits in her. Never is she found occupying her time with foolish things, but, having learned the value of time, she spends it in a profitable manner for herself and others. Selfishness to her is something foreign, something that can find no stronghold in her heart.

Whenever she is in any public place she carries herself with dignity. If she is holding conversation with someone, she does not talk or laugh so loudly that everyone else who is about may hear her. At home, she makes her influence felt by all; she is a help to her parents, brothers and sisters. She makes the world about her feel the effects of her careful religious training. Her life is one that is spent for others, and her greatest glory consists in helping others to reach their goal in life. It may be said she is a "perfect woman, nobly planned."

Stephanie Jekot,
Com'l Senior, '28.

SONNET

A. M. P.

"Life is a burden, mankind must endure!
Came from lips, from hearts of failure.
From his lair the king yawned with a frown,
"Life is empty, all I have is a crown!"
Cried a poet of beautiful thoughts, beautiful dreams,
"Life! Life is music and love, it seems!"
A laborer strong, of hearty brown—
"Life is what you make it,—act. Before the curtain be drawn!"

Life is a burden, yes—a task of love,—
A duty sent from heaven above.
Life is tedious, you think—you make it so.
It is hard to learn, too vague to see, I know!
Yet, life is beautiful. With it we grow.
It is life! God wants it so.

DROP BY DROP

Have you ever noticed how an icicle is formed? If you have, you noticed how it froze one drop at a time until it was a foot or more long. If the water was clear, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled almost as brightly as diamonds in the sun; but if the water was slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Our characters are formed in a similar fashion—one little thought or action at a time. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely and sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, it will become deformed and wretched.

Stella Wiech,
Com'l Senior, '28.

A, B, C, OF COM'L SENIORS' QUALITIES

A—Attentive at both work and play,
B—Busy all the livelong day;
C—Courteous at home and school,
D—Diligent to keep the rule;
E—Earnest in whatever they do,
F—Friendly with their classmates true;
G—Generous of hand and heart,
H—Honest in life's every part;
I—Innocent of aught that's mean,
J—Jolly as a king or queen;
K—Kind where'er their footsteps roam,
L—Loving to the ones at home;
M—Merry in the sun and rain,
N—Neat in dress but never vain;
O—Orderly in desk and books,
P—*Pious* more in deeds than *looks;*
Q—Quiet when it is time to be,
R—Ready others' needs to see;
S—Steady in their every aim,
T—Truthful, though it brings them blame;
U—Untiring in the way of right,
V—Vigorous in temptation's fight;
W—Willing others to befriend,
X—Xemplary to the end;
Y—Youthful till life's set of sun,
Z—Zealous till the crown is won.

BE KIND TO YOUR ALMA MATER

Seniors, be kind to your Alma Mater,
For she's been kind to you;
She's sought to lead you safely
Your life's brief pathway through.
She's cared for you and loved you,
And tried to save you pain,
And gave you kindly counsel—
I hope not all in vain.

She wants to see you happy,
She wants you to be true;
Her hope and pride are centered,
Believe it, girls in you.
How much of joy and comfort
Is in your power to give
The faithful loving Alma Mater,
If rightfully you live.

Com'l Alumnae.

PREPARATORY CLASS.

Jolly and kind is the eighth grade,
Truthfulness is their trade,
Their loyal hearts will not perish,
And the unfortunate they will always cherish.

PREPARATORY CLASS.

Top row (from left to right) H. Trzcinska — J. Kulka — J. Sowinska — O. Skrabczyńska — S. Slarzyńska — H. Górska — J. Kulikowska — H. Tarasiewicz — E. Bobula — A. Górna — H. Jackowska — S. Tyrańska H. Bajorek — H. Czyżewska — W. Chencinska.

2nd row (from left to right) M. Madura — F. Szczepankowska — F. Konopa — L. Gorzkiewicz — J. Sulinska — L. Jarzembska — A. Kosinska — F. Śrankowska — J. Gałązkiewicz — M. Kruppa — C. Niedzielska — A. Marzeńska — I. Rubel.

3rd row (from left to right) W. Matuszewska — J. Mrowinska — I. Stec — J. Wiśniewska — L. Adamkiewicz — J. Dziwik — A. Styburska — E. Mussor — O. Zdoń — P. Rybicka — M. Wagner.

4th row (from left to right) L. Burton — I. Szałapska — G. Bordin — R. Czarnik — H. Bociek.

AN IDEAL FRIEND

Give me for my friend one who will unite heart and hand with me, who will throw himself into my cause and interest, who will take part when I am attacked, who will be sure beforehand that I am right, and if he is critical, as he may have cause to be towards a being of sin and imperfection, will be so from very love and loyalty and a wish that others should love as heartily as he.

Bernice Mytys.

How sweet to have a friend,
In whom we can confide;
To bless us if we act aright,
And if we err to chide.

Com'l Senior.

OUR PARENTS

How did we get here? Who knew about this wonderful school? Only two people in the world could have thought of it—"Our Dear Parents." To them we owe our gratitude for the sacrifices they have made to give us an education. How shall we ever repay them? Let our thanks be in prayers and in deeds, not words.

Rose Gdowska, '28.

TO OUR DEAR COM'L SENIORS:

Good luck to you, Seniors! Best wishes we send.
Here's health, wealth, and happiness on to the end!
Your footsteps we'll follow, as swift years go by,
Till, we, too, say farewell to Holy Family High.

Com'l Juniors, '28.

A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER

What is home without you mother?
What are all the joys we meet?
When your loving smile no longer
Greets the coming of our feet;
The days are long the nights are drear,
And time rolls slowly on;
And oh, how few are our pleasures
When your loving care is gone.

Helen Marek.

There are two kinds of love—love which receives, and love which gives; and as "it is more blessed to give than to receive," a mother's love, which is always giving, is the choicest love of all.

Anon.

SENIORS' FAMOUS EXPRESSIONS

What have you got? Oh, gimme some.....Kathryn
How! .....Jeanette
Don't bother me, I'm not acquainted with the subject myself.....Annette
Keep still, whose talking to you anyway.....Harriet Z.
Sister, if you only knew how much I have to do, etc.....Adeline
Does my this show?.....Victoria
But Sister, I did hurry, I don't know why I'm late.....Charlotte
Don't touch ME.....Lillian
I says nothing.....Harriet J.
Oh, don't bother me.....Lucille
How do you like my new dress.....Olga
I'll scratch you—I will.....Louise
Oopsi la la.....Ann R.
Start counting 10.....Clothilda
I show you, but you don't show me.....Estelle
Wait till I get a hold of you.....Anna K.
Oh! Yeh .....Mildred

P. S.

Wed., Dec. 14, 1927 **ECHO** *Edited by A. M. P.*

WANT ADS

WANTED—A SAFETY PADLOCK guaranteed to hold from tempted hands, one mirror, one comb, and one powder puff. Absolutely necessary during any period. Kindly apply to Senior Headquarters. Lucille B.

WANTED — REVOLVING CHAIRS with cushions. All Students.

WANTED—REDUCING TABLETS, harmless yet inevitably successful in taking off 30 pounds in time for Class Day. Apply hurriedly to Adeline Preyss. (Unrestrained gratitude and perpetual praise assured to donor.)

WANTED—A SELF-WRITING, SELF-editing, self-selling annual—needing no assistance yet paying good profit. (Don't bother to apply; it's too late.)
Sorry Seniors.

EXPERIMENTS WANTED
Am willing to write, rewrite or copy.
Anna K.

WANTED—A STUDENT CAPABLE of substituting for Kathryn's French home-work. The sooner the better.

WANTED—SOME SILENCERS, TO keep the user from answering back, would be greatly appreciated.
Div. P. S.—Headquarters No. 212.

WANTED! WANTED!
Permission to give a tea-dance or dance alone. Apply to any class. Immediate acceptance and thanks assured.

AM WILLING TO RENT OUT OR buy a screen, capable of hiding during French, one sheet of drawing paper and one cartoonist. Patent not necessary.
Ann R., Center Row, 3 Desk, R. 212.

WANTED—AN ASSISTANT WITH A quarreling temperament—one with an unlimited vocabulary, hot speeches, persuading arguments and a great desire to fight. Apply for position to H. J., 212

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SITUATION WANTED—AS TEACH-er of Commercial Law. Marie Moll.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—TEN CENTS ON OUR MAY Trial Balance. If found please return to owners. Our marks depend on it. Commercial Seniors.

LOST—FIVE POUNDS WHILE RUN-ning up the three flights of stairs when I was late. If found, please return to Lillian Soska. No questions asked.

Jeannette Sieja,
(Reporter).

Impromptu

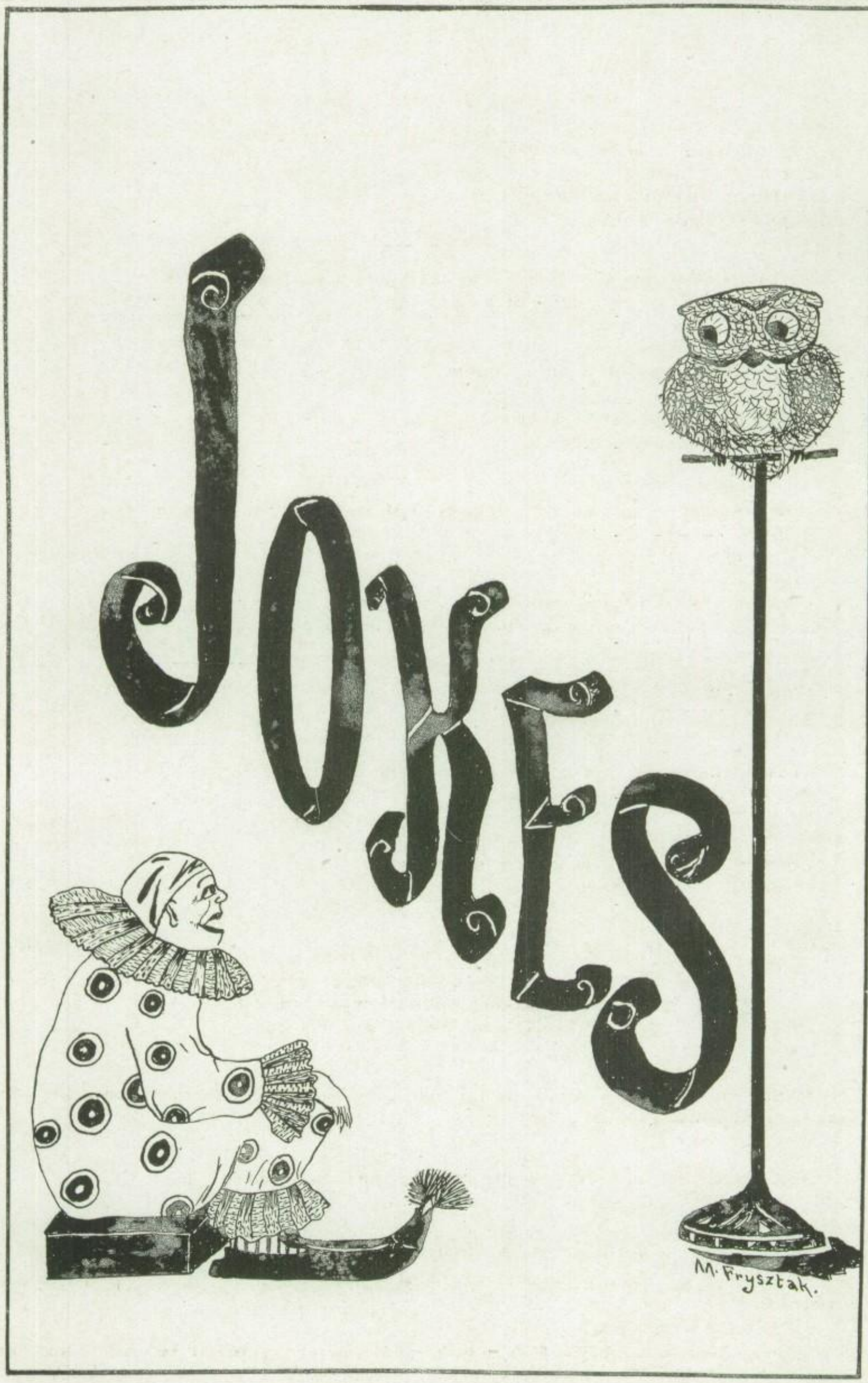
(Time—2:15 P. M.—any afternoon—when it snows.)

It is dark!
Not very!
Yet—in a way—
Sort of whitish gray.
Like countless palely
Iridescent soap flakes.
As it falls so gaily
What a scene it makes—
Coming down, down!
How long it takes!

Where do you go
Pretty white snow?
Tell me where
Goes your beauty fair
When you come to earth!

Then I woke up!

A. P.


ARTS
M. Frysztak.

HUMOR

Sister: Is that theme original?
Pupil: No Sister.
Sister: Where did you find it?
Pupil: I made it up.

It requires only thirteen muscles to smile and sixty-four to frown.
Why go to the extra trouble of looking ugly?

Soph: Have you ever read "Freckles"?
Frosh: Huh?
Soph: Have you read "Freckles"?
Frosh: No, mine are brown.

First Student: Lady Macbeth influenced Macbeth to change his mind.
Bright One: Oh, any woman could do that much.

Kathryn: What's a hypocrite?
Anna K.: One who goes to school every morning with a smile on her face.

Lillian: What is electricity?
Ann R.: Something shocking.

First Student: Do you sing "The Lost Chord"—in the recital?
Second Student: No, I sing alto.

Teacher: What can you tell about nitrates?
Student: They're cheaper than day rates.

Hush-a-bye Senior, on the tree top,
When you stop studying, your grades will drop,
If you stop digging, your standard will fall,
And down will come Senior, diploma and all.

Halitosisly speaking—people should take a little advice from the woodpecker—he uses his head when he works.

A Victrola ain't no Ford—even if it does have to be cranked.

A Student Indeed

"I want to be procrastinated at the next corner," said Lucille to the street car conductor.

"You want to be what?"

"Don't lose your temper, I had to look in the dictionary myself before I found out that 'procrastinated' means 'put off.' "

Autographs

Norbert W. Voss. 3654 N Cent. Ph. Ch

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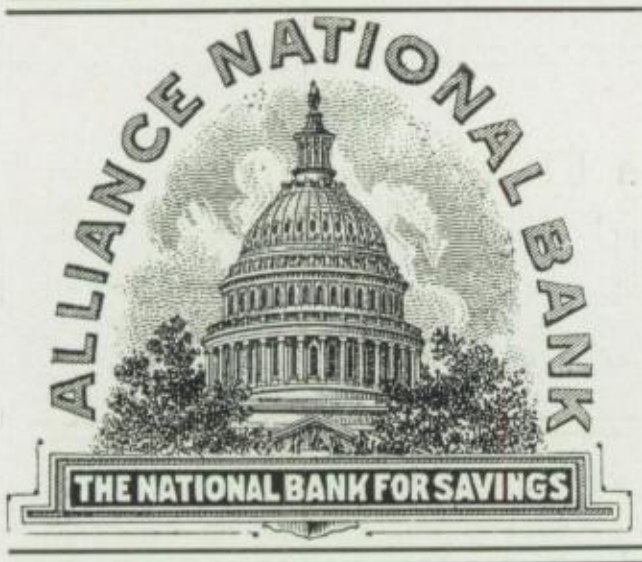

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